

SENSATIONAL!! THE SON OF THE SKULL VS. THE BLACK HOOD

NO.
6

JACKPOT

10¢

comics

SUMMER
ISSUE

WILL STEEL STERLING THWART
THE BLOODY JAPS AND
NAZI RATS?





WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM

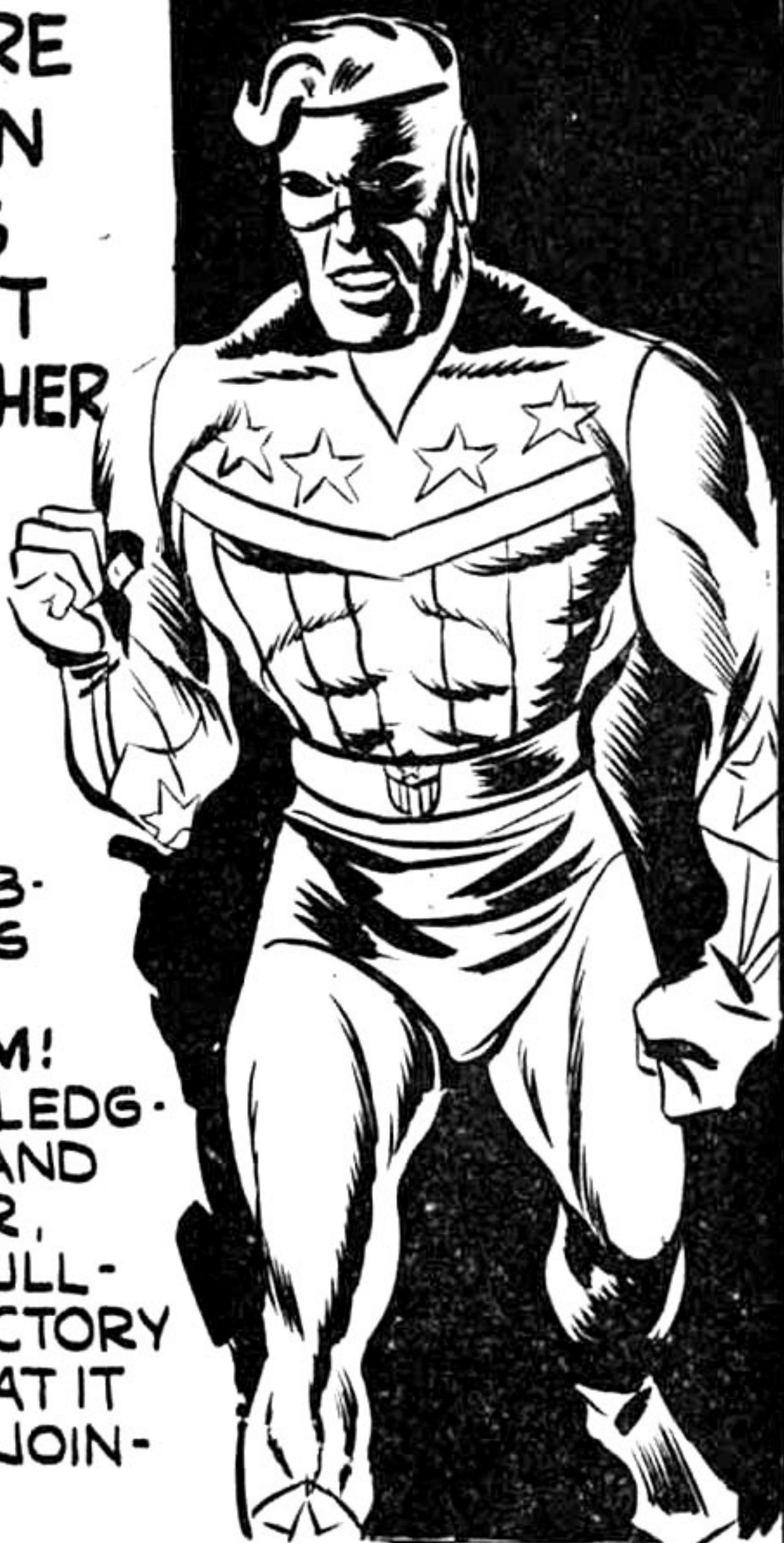


**WE ARE
ALL IN
THIS
FIGHT
TOGETHER
!!!**

EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

**NOW, MORE THAN
EVER, YOU SHOULD BE
PROUD TO WEAR THIS
BADGE! IT MEANS MORE
THAN BEING JUST A CLUB-
MEMBER NOW! IT MEANS
SUBSCRIBING TO THE
IDEALS OF AMERICANISM!
IT MEANS THAT WE ARE PLEDG-
ING OURSELVES TO STAND
SHOULDER TO SHOULDER,
WORKING TOGETHER, PULL-
ING TOGETHER, UNTIL VICTORY
IS OURS. IN SHORT WHAT IT
AMOUNTS TO IS THAT JOIN-
ING THE **SHIELD
G-MAN CLUB****

**IS
JOINING
THE ALL-OUT
DRIVE FOR
VICTORY!**



JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR
NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH
10¢ TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 315
60 Hudson St.
New York City

DEAR JOE:

Please enroll me as a member of
the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB**. I am
enclosing this coupon together with
Ten Cents to cover the costs of
handling and mailing my Badge and
Identification Card.

Name _____

Address _____ Age _____

STEEL STERLING

MAN OF STEEL

WE SEE IT, BUT WE STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT! STEEL STERLING INTERVENING FOR HIS DEADLIEST FOE... BARON GESTAPO! AND A NATION IS AGHAST. HAS THE MAN OF STEEL TURNED AGAINST THEM? THEIR MOST POWERFUL ALLY NOW THEIR ENEMY? HERE IS A COMPLETELY NEW-COMpletely DIFFERENT KIND OF STORY WITH AN ENDING THAT'LL SHOCK YOU OUT OF YOUR SEATS. A STORY OF SACRIFICE AS TYPICALLY AMERICAN AS THE FLAG ITSELF. A STORY OF A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY!!



IN NAZIDOM... DISGRACE-
TO-THE-HUMAN-RACE*
NUMBER ONE... FUMES
AND FRET'S HYSTERI-
CALLY...

I VILL
HAF MY OWN
VAY! NOTHING
VILL STOP ME!
BARON GESTAPO
IS VITAL TO MY
PLANS!

AND IN WASHINGTON...

STERLING, IF FOR NO
OTHER REASON, OUR
NATION OWES YOU A
VOTE OF THANKS FOR
PUTTING THAT MALI-
G-NANT BARON GESTAPO
BEHIND BARS!

THANK YOU,
MR. PRESIDENT!

SUDDENLY THE
PHONE RINGS...

HELLO!
WHAT?
HITLER'S
ON THE
PHONE
?

VE HAF
CAPTURED
YOUR GENERAL
MCIVOR... I VISH
TO EXCHANGE
HIM FOR ONE
OF OUR MEN
...YOU HAF
IN AMERIKA!

NO! NO!
I DON'T WANT A
GERMAN CONSUL OR
AMBASSADOR.....
I MUST HAF
BARON
GESTAPO!

BAH! DER SCHWEIN... DEY ARE GOING TO
SHOOT HIM AT SUNRISE. HOW DARE DEY
DO DOT! DON'T DEY KNOW ONLY CHERMANS
CAN ACT AND PUNISH SWIFTLY... VOT'S
COME OFER DER
DEMOCRATIC
FOOLS?

MEANWHILE OUTSIDE THE
PRESIDENT'S OFFICE...

AW, GIVE US
REPORTERS A
BREAK! WHAT
ARE STEEL
STERLING AND
THE PRESI-
DENT TALK-
ING ABOUT?

SORRY, BOYS,
YOU'LL HAVE
TO WAIT TO
FIND OUT!

AT THAT
MOMENT

ALL RIGHT, MR.
PRESIDENT, IF THAT'S
YOUR FINAL WORD I ACCEPT
IT! BUT BLUNTLY, I DIS-
AGREE WITH YOUR
SENTIMENTS!



WHAT'S UP STEEL? WHAT ARE YOU SORE ABOUT?

CRIPES! LOOK AT HIM! HOW ABOUT A STATEMENT, STEEL?



OUT OF MY WAY - I'VE NOTHING TO TELL YOU! IF YOU WANT SOMETHING TO PRINT, ASK THE PRESIDENT!



... BUT APPARENTLY STERLING WISHES TO BE REPAID FOR HIS SERVICES TO HIS COUNTRY ... AND I WAS FORCED TO REFUSE HIM!

WHAT KIND OF PAYMENT, MR. PRESIDENT?



FLASH! HERE'S AN ITEM HOT FROM THE WHITE HOUSE! THE PRESIDENT REFUSED STEEL STERLING AN AMBASSADORSHIP!



STERLING WALKED ANGRILY FROM THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE AND REFUSED TO MAKE ANY COMMENT!

JIMINY...

CRICKETS!

HERE COMES STEEL NOW!... WE JUST HEARD THE NEWS ABOUT YOU AND THE PRESIDENT, STEEL!

IT AIN'T TRUE ABOUT YOU ASKIN' TO BE PAID FOR SERVICES TO YOUR COUNTRY, IS IT, PAL?

WHY NOT?





DON'T BE ANGRY, STEEL! THIS COUNTRY WILL ALWAYS CALL ON YOU WHEN IT NEEDS YOU! JUST BE - CAUSE...

CAN THE CHATTER CLANCY! DON'T YOU GIVE ME THAT PATRIOTIC GOO, TOO!



G-GEE, STEEL! DONCHA...! GEE! WH... WHAT'S COME OVER YA?

I'M JUST GETTING SMART, THAT'S ALL! LOOK, YOU'RE MY PALS, AREN'T YOU?

YOU KNOW WE ARE, STEEL!



OKAY! THEN PROVE IT - I WANT YOU TO GO ON AN ERRAND FOR ME!

SURE, STEEL! WHERE TO?



TO PORTUGAL! AND DON'T ASK QUESTIONS! I'VE WRITTEN DOWN THE PEOPLE I WANT YOU TO CONTACT FOR ME! BETTER GET ON THE CLIPPER IN DISGUISE... JUST TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE... WILL YOU DO IT?



STEEL! ARE YA SURE YOU'RE NOT LOSING YOUR HEAD 'N DOING SOMETHING YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR?



LOOK! EITHER DO IT AND GET STARTED OR DON'T AND GET OUT!

OKAY, STEEL, OKAY!

DON'T GET SORE, PAL!



YOU CAN COUNT ON US, STEEL! WE'LL DISGUISE OURSELVES SO WELL EVEN WE WON'T KNOW WHO WE ARE!



WHEW! THAT'S THAT! I WONDER IF I'M BITING OFF MORE THAN I CAN CHEW? BUT I'VE STARTED THIS THING AND I'LL SEE IT THROUGH, ANYWAY! IF I KNOW CLANCY AND LOONEY THEY'LL DO EVERYTHING EXACTLY ACCORDING TO PLAN!

LATER... AT THE AIRPORT

BOY, I DISGUISED MYSELF SO GOOD I EVEN FEEL LIKE AN OLD MAN, LOONEY!

STOP BRAGGIN', FATSO. DIDN'T A KID WANNA HELP ME ACROSS THE STREET BEFORE?

SUDDENLY..!

WHOOSH



LIKE, DID YA GET A LOAD OF THE OLD DAME WITH THE PANTS UNDER-NEATH!

YEAH! AND THAT FAT GUY'S WHISKERS ARE AS PHONEY AS A GLASS EYE!



HMM! I THINK THE F.B.I. WOULD BE INTERESTED IN THAT PAIR!

HA! HA! WE SURE FOOLED 'EM THAT TIME! YOU LOOK LIKE SANTA CLAUS, CLANCY!

YEAH? I'D HATE TO TELL YOU WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE!



COME ALONG, GRANDMA! THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE!

YA GOT US ALL WRONG, BOYS!

SURE! I'M A COP, I TELL YA!

THE F.B.I. DOESN'T LIKE THAT QUICK SHAVE OF YOURS, BUD!



LOOK! I'M OFFICER CLANCY! YOU CAN'T HOLD ME!

DON'T FLASH THAT FAKE BADGE IN MY EYE, CHUM! WHAT WERE YOU DOING ON THAT PLANE?



JUMPING JEES!! THIS...THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE



XZ-2L
Dear Sir,
Enclosed you will find blueprints and other data I trust will be of interest to the Fishier.
If these are satisfactory, I am sure we can come to terms regarding appropriate payment.



WHO PUT YOU UP TO THIS? WHO'S THE RAT YOU'RE WORKING FOR?



I SUPPOSE YOU DON'T KNOW YOU WERE CARRYING INFORMATION TO THE ENEMY EH?

G-GOSH! WHY DID STERLING DO IT?



STERLING'S NO RAT... OOPS... IT SLIPPED!

NEVER MIND, LOONEY! STEEL'D NEVER SELL OUT HIS COUNTRY! IT'S A FRAME-UP, THAT'S WHAT!



SO! IT WAS STERLING, EH? OKAY, PUT THESE TWO DOPES IN THE COOLER!

AND SOON THE NEWS RINGS THROUGHOUT THE NATION



AND IN A PRISON CELL, STERLING'S GREATEST ENEMY, BARON GESTAPO, ALSO READS THE NEWS...



MEANWHILE ...



SQUADS OF POLICE SET OUT TO APPREHEND STEEL STERLING!





FOR EFFERY CHERMAN YOU KILL, A HUNDRED AMERICAN PIGS VILL DIE! UND FOR SHOOTING ME, BARON GESTAPO...

...A TOUSAND SHALL GO TO THEIR GRAVES!

READY... AIM...



SUDDENLY, FLASHING OUT OF THE HEAVENS

JUST IN TIME!

STERLING! YOU SAFED ME... BUT VY?

YOU'RE A SMART GUY! FIGURE IT OUT FOR YOURSELF!



LATER

SURE, THE PAPERS ARE TELLING THE TRUTH! I'M FEATHERING MY OWN NEST FROM NOW ON!

HMM... FOLLOW ME!

HEIL, BARON! VE GAFE YOU UP FOR DEAD!



YOU CAN THANK HERR STERLING FOR SAFING MY LIFE... HIS EYES HAF BEEN OPENED UND HE IS JOINING US!

NOT SO FAST, BARON! I TOLD YOU I'M IN THIS FOR WHAT I CAN GET! WHAT IS YOUR OFFER?

VAIT HERE, I CONTACT MY FUEHRER ON DER SHORT VAVE RADIO!



STERLING ISS A FOOL TO THINK DOT VE VILL TAKE HIM ON OUR SIDE. CALL DER POLICE! I'LL GET MY INSTRUCTIONS AND DEN WE'LL ALL GO UND LEAVE STERLING HERE TO BE CAPTURED!

HA HA HA. DER FOOL WAS SERFERD MY PURPOSES. I DON'T NEED HIM ANY LONGER!

ALL RIGHT, BARON GESTAPO! YOUR INSTRUCTIONS ARE COMING IN!

IN THE NEXT ROOM, THE MAN OF STEEL RUBS HIS TONGUE ALONG HIS TEETH.. WHICH GETS UP A MAGNETIC FIELD AND ALLOWS HIM TO INTERCEPT THE IN-COMING MESSAGE ...

BARON GESTAPO-PROCEED TO MEXICO AT ONCE! YOU ARE TO PREVENT MEXICO FROM DECLARING WAR ON US, BY KILLING THEIR PRESIDENT! I SELECTED YOU AS THE BEST MAN FOR THE JOB—DO NOT FAIL ME! SIGNED— ADOLF HITLER

THIS IS, GESTAPO! YOU'VE TOLD ME ALL I WANT TO KNOW..

NOW I'LL LET MY FISTS DO A LITTLE TALKING!

VAS ISS?!

BAM

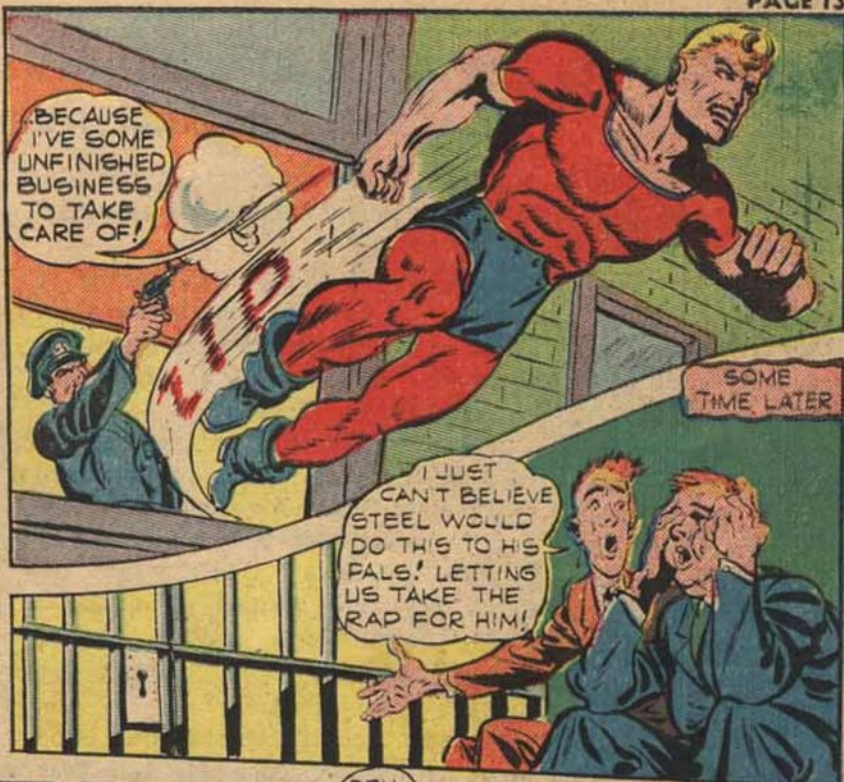
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THE POLICE BURST IN..



HEY, THAT'S STERLING! THE GUY WHO SOLD OUT... LET'S GET HIM!

BETTER GET GESTAPO FIRST!....



BECAUSE I'VE SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF!

SOME TIME LATER

I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE STEEL WOULD DO THIS TO HIS PALS! LETTING US TAKE THE RAP FOR HIM!



SOB
SOB
SOB

BOO HOO HOO HOO!



DRY YOUR EYES, BOYS! I'VE COME TO TAKE YOU HOME!



G-GOSH - STEEL! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT!

YOU AND LOONEY HELPED PUT AN END TO THE MOST DANGEROUS OF NAZI PLANS!



READ THIS!

YA MEAN STEEL AIN'T A TRAITOR AFTER ALL?

DAILY ZIP
MEXICO DECLARES WAR ON AXIS!
 MAN OF STEEL FOILS PLOT TO KILL MEXICAN PRESIDENT!
 "ARGUMENT WAS A TRICK SO THAT STERLING COULD GAIN CONFIDENCE OF BARON GESTAPO" SAYS, F.D.R.!

WE KNEW IT ALL THE TIME, STEEL!

SURE! SURE!



FOR FURTHER EXCITEMENT AND A BELLIFUL OF LAUGHS AND THRILLS BE SURE TO FOLLOW STEEL STERLING'S ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF ZIP COMICS

BLACK DEATH

A STEEL STERLING STORY

STEEL STERLING smiled broadly and slapped Jimmy Denning on the shoulder. "Congratulations on your performance tonight, Jimmy," he said. "How does it feel to finish up your first month as star of the show?"

"Swell!" said Jimmy. His eyes suddenly clouded over. "But I keep thinking about Rob Minton—of the tough break he got when they threw him out of the show and gave me his part. . . ."

"Forget it, kid," said Steel. "Minton was drinking heavily, and the producer knew what he was doing when he threw him out." He smiled again. "Come on, kid, forget it and tell me all about this theatre business."

Jimmy's eyes shone. "It's been marvelous. Why, I've just finished sending out a batch of autographed photos to people who wrote in asking for them. Imagine—people asking for my autograph! I—" His face turned sheet-white and he staggered back a step.

Steel rushed forward. "Jimmy! What's the matter!"

Jimmy's face had gone from white to near-black. He coughed spasmodically. "Steel!" he mumbled. "Steel! I—feel—funny—" His head dropped back.

Steel winced. "He's dead!" He said the words simply, but there was a tightness in his voice. He laid Denning's body on the couch and walked out of the room.

Steel Sterling zipped swiftly backstage and entered the office of Joe Mitchell, producer

of the show. "Joe," he said, "Jimmy Denning's been—murdered!"

Joe Mitchell was sitting at his desk, his head on his chest. Steel walked over to shake him—and stopped. Joe Mitchell's face was black.

"Mitchell, too," said Steel. He stared at the desk, where Mitchell had been working over a pile of unanswered correspondence.

"The method of murder—right before me," he said. "I think I'd better drop in to see Rob Minton."

Rob Minton was sitting in on a poker game. He had been drinking and he looked up with bleary, unexcited eyes as Steel Sterling entered the room.

"Steel Sterling, eh?" he said. "Friend of Jimmy Denning's. Get out! No friend of that rat is welcome here."

"Minton," said Steel slowly, "Jimmy Denning and Joe Mitchell were murdered ten minutes ago. . . ."

Minton looked surprised and happy. "That doesn't make me sad," he said. He looked up suddenly, threw his cards on the table. "What's that got to do with me?" he asked.

"I thought," Steel said, "that you might know something about it."

"Not a thing," said Minton. "This poker game's been going on for hours, and I haven't left the room once."

"They were poisoned," said Steel.

"Still better," said Minton. "How could I have anything to do with it? Poison's got to be administered. I haven't been

around the theatre all this month—ask the doorman and the people up front."

Steel's eyes hardened. He reached out and pulled Minton out of his chair. "I'm through playing," he said. "You sent both Denning and Mitchell return envelopes—Denning's to return a requested photo, and Mitchell in answer to some business. You used assumed names, and when they licked the flaps to seal the envelopes, poison mixed in with the paste killed them!"

Minton breathed heavily for a minute. Then he said softly, "Get him!"

A gun cracked, but Steel was not there to receive the bullet. He had leaped through the air, still clutching Minton. When the bullet bit into the wall, he dropped to the ground and, simultaneously, clipped Minton on the jaw. Minton's head snapped back, and he slid to the ground.

Then Sterling got to work on the other poker players. There were four of them.

Steel did it very methodically. He simply zipped through the air, dropped in back of a thug, spun him around, and sent a sizzling blast to his jaw. He repeated this procedure four times and his work was over.

Weeks later, Steel read of Minton's conviction by a jury. The sentence was death in the electric chair. But there was no satisfaction in the Man of Steel's eyes . . . just a sadness that criminals had to learn the hard way that Crime does not pay!

CLANCY & LOONEY

IN THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE ARE STEEL STERLING, THE MAN OF STEEL, AND HIS TWO CHIEF HINDRANCES, CLANCY AND LOONEY...



NOW LISTEN, STEEL, THIS NEST OF SABOTEURS MUST BE FOUND! THEY'RE A VERY REAL THREAT TO OUR ALL-OUT WAR EFFORT!

I'LL DO EVERYTHING I CAN!

HOW D'YA LIKE IT? WHY DON'T WE GET A BIG CASE LIKE THAT? LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, CLANCY!

YEAH, YOU'D THINK WE WERE A PAIR OF DOPES THE WAY WE GET TREATED!

I'LL GET ALONG FASTER WITHOUT THOSE GUYS TRAILING ALONG! DO ME A FAVOR AND GIVE THEM A CASE TO KEEP 'EM BUSY! ANYTHING!

OKAY! LEAVE IT TO ME!



OFFICER CLANCY! ALEC LUNAR! FRONT AND CENTER!

YES SIR!

THAT'S US!



HERE'S A REPORT THAT THE TATTOOED MAN AT THE TINGLING CIRCUS IS PULLING SOME KIND OF SKIN GAME! I WANT YOU MEN TO GET RIGHT OUT THERE!

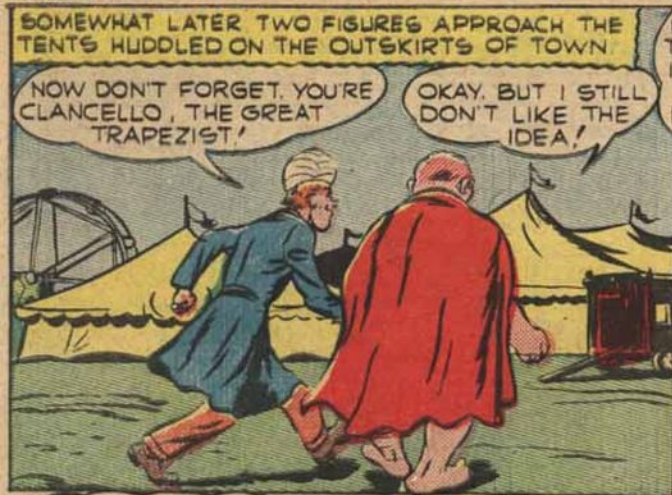
SAY NO MORE, CHIEF! WE'LL CAPTURE HIM SINGLE-HANDED!

C'MON, LOONEY! HERE'S OUR CHANCE TO SHOW OUR STUFF!

SAY, I READ A STORY ONCE ABOUT A COUPLA DETECTIVES WHO GOT DISGUISED AS CLOWNS AN' CAPTURED A VERY VICIOUS KILLER!

THAT'S JUST WHAT WE'LL DO! I KNOW A GUY WHO RENTS OUT COSTUMES!





SOMEWHAT LATER TWO FIGURES APPROACH THE TENTS HUDDLED ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN.

NOW DON'T FORGET, YOU'RE CLANCELLO, THE GREAT TRAPEZIST!

OKAY, BUT I STILL DON'T LIKE THE IDEA!



HMM! A FORTUNE TELLER, EH? MAYBE I KIN USE YOU! YA HAD MUCH EXPERIENCE?

HAVE I HAD EXPERIENCE? WHY, MY GOOD MAN ME AND MY PAL HERE HAVE DONE OUR ACT ALL OVER THE WORLD!



WE HAVE APPEARED BEFORE ALL THE CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE! THERE IS NO FEAT OF DARING TOO TOUGH FOR THE GREAT CLANCELLO!



OKAY, WE NEED A NEW MAN! OUR STAR TRAPEZE PERFORMER WAS JUST KILLED! I'LL SHOW YOU THE DRESSING TENT!



CHATTERIN' CHEESE CAKES, LOONEY, I GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS, I WAS NEVER ON A TRAPEZE IN MY LIFE!

AW, TAKE IT EASY, WE GOT A JOB TO DO!



AT THAT MOMENT, A FURTIVE FIGURE SKULKS OUT OF ONE OF THE TENTS. THE RUBBERMAN

HE'S DEAD! THAT'LL PAY HIM BACK FOR GETTING ME FIRED BY TELLING THE BOSS I'D BEEN DRINKING!



OOF! LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING, FAT GUY!

GLUNK! HEY! WHO ARE YOU CALLING FAT, YA BIG LUG?



OH, HELLO BOSS! WHO ARE THESE PUNKS?

THEY'RE A COUPLE OF NEW PERFORMERS THAT. SAY! I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU YOU WERE THROUGH! NOW PACK UP AND GET OUT!

NEW PERFORMERS, EH? THEY LOOK LIKE COPS TO ME! THERE THEY GO INTO THE DRESSING TENT... I WONDER...



AW, QUIT GRIPIN' CLANCY! SOON AS WE CATCH THIS COOKIE, OUR JOB WILL BE DONE!

I THOUGHT SO! THEY ARE DICKS!



IF WE DON'T DO IT SOON, I WON'T B-BE HERE TO MAKE THE ARREST!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS, LET'S GET OVER TO THE BIG TOP!

OH! YEAH! HA! HA! M-MIGHT AS WELL GET IT OVER WITH!



YOU CAN START BY CLIMBIN' UP TO THAT PLATFORM AND DIVING INTO THIS TUB OF WATER!



GO RIGHT AHEAD! I'LL WATCH FROM BACK HERE!



OH! IT'S N-NO USE! I C-CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT!



OW-WW! HOW DID I EVER GET TALKED IN-TO THIS?



G-GOSH! WHERE'S THE TUB? I CAN'T EVEN SEE IT!



C'MON, KID, DON'T WORRY! IF YOU MISS I'LL CATCH YOU!





BOY! IMAGINE DIVING ALL THAT DISTANCE AND LANDING IN THIS.



...LITTLE TUB OF WATER!

??
HOLY C-CATS IT- IT'S EMPTY!



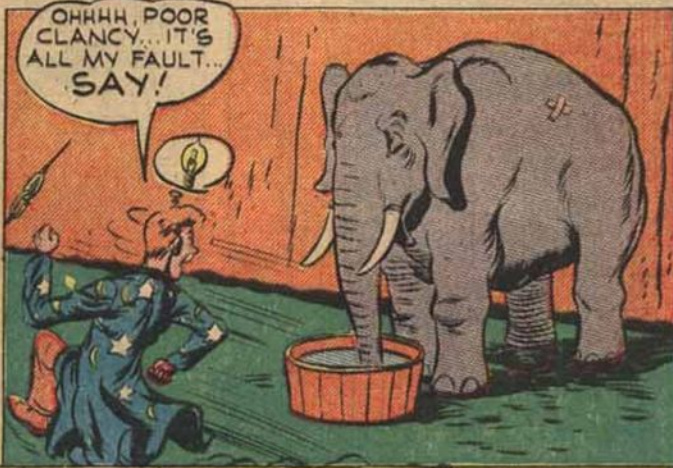
YOW! HEY, CLANCY! DON'T JUMP!



HE DOESN'T HEAR ME!

OH GOSH!

WHAT'LL I DO?



OHHH, POOR CLANCY... IT'S ALL MY FAULT... SAY!



COME ON, YOU BIG !*6/? GET MOVIN' - WILL YOU ? COME ON!



OOOHHH!



BLUB

NICE GOING!
THE JOB IS
YOURS!

IT...IT IS?
OOOHHHH!

HEY, BOSS!
TOTO'S DEAD!
HE'S BEEN
STABBED!

POOR TOTO!
I WONDER
HOW IT
HAPPENED?

DON'T TOUCH ANY-
THING! CLEAR OUTA
HERE! WE'RE DE-
TECTIVES!

YEAH,
WE'LL LOOK FOR
CLUES AND
STUFF!

SAY,
CLANCY...
ULP!

**DUCK,
CLANCY!
QUICK!**

DON'T MISS A
THING, LOONEY!
TURN EVERY
STONE!

LOOKOUT,
BOYS!
HE'S IN
AGAIN!

HMMM...
MAYBE HE
WAS POISONED.
NOPE, TOO MUCH
BLOOD!

COME BACK
HERE, YOU SNOOPERS!
I'LL FIX YOU GOOD!

GOSH! HERE
HE COMES, CLANCY!
HE MEANS
BUSINESS!

DON'T WASTE
TIME TALKING,
LOONEY! JUST
RUN!

LEO
KEEP AWAY
FROM CAGE

The BLACK HOOD

BATTLES THE SON OF THE SKULL

YES, BLACK HOOD, I'VE COME TO GET YOU FOR SENDING MY FATHER TO HIS DEATH. AND THIS LETTER I'M MAILING YOU PROVES THAT I KNOW YOUR REAL IDENTITY! COUNT YOUR REAL PRECIOUS MINUTES, BLACK HOOD...YOU HAVEN'T MUCH LONGER TO LIVE!



From
The Son of
the Skull
To the
Black Hood

A GRIM AND OMINOUS FIGURE MOVES SILENTLY DOWN THE STREETS, HEADED FOR THE POLICE STATION



THIS IS THE PLACE!

INSIDE, SGT. MCGINTY IS HIS USUAL, BUSY SELF



AW! I'VE GONE AND DONE IT AGAIN!

THAT'S THREE CENTS YOU OWE ME.. HEY! WHAT'S THAT?



GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN!

HOLY HORSE! WHO ARE YOU??

YOU HAVE A SHORT MEMORY, SERGEANT! TAKE A CLOSER LOOK!

THE SKULL!



GRAB HIM! SURROUND HIM! PULL OUT YOUR GUNS!



GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN! WHAT IS ALL THIS! YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME!

I'M NOT THE SKULL. I'M THE SON OF THE SKULL. YOU WERE PARTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR MY FATHER'S DEATH IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR, MCGINTY, AND I CAME HERE TO HAVE A LOOK AT YOU.. JUST IN CASE.. HEH HEH.. I DECIDE TO RETURN THE FAVOR!



SO LONG, SERGEANT! WE'LL MEET AGAIN VERY SOON.. HEH HEH! VERY SOON INDEED!

BOY OH BOY! WHAT A SHOCK THAT WAS! WHEW! I CAN SURE USE THIS COOL DRINK!

YEAH! THE SKULL WAS A CLEVER GUY AND HIS SON LOOKS TWICE AS CLEVER..IN THE FEW MINUTES HE WAS HERE, WHY...

.. WHY, HE MIGHT HAVE EVEN POISONED YOUR DRINK!

JLP! COUGH! COUGH!

SUDDENLY..

WHAT'S THAT?

TICK TICK TICK
TICK TICK TICK
TICK TICK TICK
TICK TICK TICK

A TIME BOMB! QUICK! LOCATE IT! TEAR THE PLACE APART!

TIME BOMB!

THIS IS THE END! WE'RE FINISHED! WE'RE GONERS! WHAT'LL MY WIFE DO WITHOUT ME?

AW SHUCKS, SARGE! HERE'S YOUR TIME BOMB!

WELL..ER.. HOW WAS I TO KNOW?

SOME TIME LATER..IN BARBARA SUTTON'S APARTMENT..

OH, THAT MUST BE KIP NOW!

HELLO, BARBARA. I'VE GOT SOME SURPRISING NEWS.

NOT ANY MORE SURPRISING THAN THE NEWS I HAVE, KIP, I PHONED MCGINTY TEN MINUTES AGO, AND...

KNOCK KNOCK

... AND HE TOLD YOU THAT THE SON OF THE SKULL HAS TURNED UP. YES, I KNOW.. TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!

Mr Kip Burland, The Black Hood:
yes, I know your identity. In fact I know everything about you... and I'm going to use this knowledge to see when decided which of your friends will die... you'll suffer, Black Hood. You'll see your best friends killed one by one before I take care of you personally... Jack Harris will be first... The son of the Skull

THE SKULL MENTIONED SOMETHING ABOUT A SON ONCE.. JUST BEFORE HE WENT TO THE CHAIR.. BUT I DIDN'T PAY MUCH ATTENTION. I SHOULD HAVE LOOKED FURTHER INTO THE MATTER!

THE DOOR OPENS..

WHY, HELLO, KIP! I KNEW YOU WOULD FIND ME HERE!

JACK HARRIS!

SAY, KIP, I CAME TO SEE YOU ABOUT THIS LETTER I RECEIVED.. "BECAUSE YOU ARE A FRIEND OF KIP BURLAND, YOU MUST DIE!" WHAT IS IT? A PRACTICAL JOKE?

SUDDENLY, A BLACK DART BURSTS THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW.

KIP BURLAND MOVES SWIFTLY. HE RUSHES TO THE WINDOW AND EMERGES, AS THE BLACK HOOD!

THE BLACK HOOD GRASPS A CLOTHESLINE AND SWINGS ONTO THE ADJOINING ROOF.

THE DART CAME FROM THIS DIRECTION..

THE SKULL! THERE HE GOES!

HE'S DISAPPEARED? FUNNY! I'D BETTER LOOK IN THIS OPEN DOORWAY!

NOT HERE EITHER! NOW WHERE COULD HE HAVE GONE?

THE SKULL LEAPS FROM THE ROOF CANOPY...

HERE'S YOUR ANSWER, HOOD!

I COULD KILL YOU, NOW, BLACK HOOD, BUT I WON'T... FIRST YOU'LL WATCH MORE OF YOUR FRIENDS DIE! YOU'LL SEE MORE AND MORE HOW IT FEELS TO LOSE TO SOMEONE YOU LOVE!

IMPOSSIBLE? THEN YOU COME DOWN HERE AND EXPLAIN THE DEAD MAN ON MY COUCH! THE MAN WHOSE FACE WAS CHANGED INTO A SKULL!

...AND COME AT ONCE, MCGINTY! I TELL YOU THE SKULL'S KILLED A MAN!

BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE, BARBARA. I'VE GOT TWO MEN ON HIS TRAIL 24 HOURS A DAY!

MEANWHILE...

MCGINTY RUSHES OUT OF THE POLICE STATION.

C'MON, BOYS, WE'LL GET THIS CLEARED UP RIGHT NOW!

WE'RE GOIN' TO CHECK WITH THE DETECTIVES I HAVE TRAILIN' THE SKULL!

SULLIVAN, PETERS... I TOLD YOU NOT TO LOSE SIGHT OF THE SKULL!

WE DIDN'T, SARGE!



HE'S RIGHT UPSTAIRS IN THIS BUILDING..YOU CAN SEE FOR YOUR-SELF!

OH, YEAH? WELL, WE'LL JUST GO UPSTAIRS AND HAVE A LITTLE TALK WITH MR. SKULL!



THEY BURST INTO THE ROOM...

IT'S A TRICK! THE SHADOW OF A CARDBOARD FIGURE ON A REVOLVING PHONOGRAPH! WHY.. THE DIRTY RAT!

AND AT HIS REAL HOME..

OH, HO, HO, HO! IT'S REALLY TOO FUNNY! I'LL BET THE STUPID POLICE ARE STILL WATCHING THAT WINDOW!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

KIP, HAVEN'T YOU READ THAT MAGAZINE BEFORE?

WELL I AM! KIP, I KNOW THE SKULL IS DANGEROUS AND ALL THAT, BUT THIS WATCHING OVER ME DAY AND NIGHT IS GETTING ON MY NERVES!

YES, BARBARA, BUT - SAY, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! LET'S GO TO A MOVIE! THAT'LL RELIEVE THE MONOTONY, AND I CAN STILL KEEP AN EYE ON YOU!

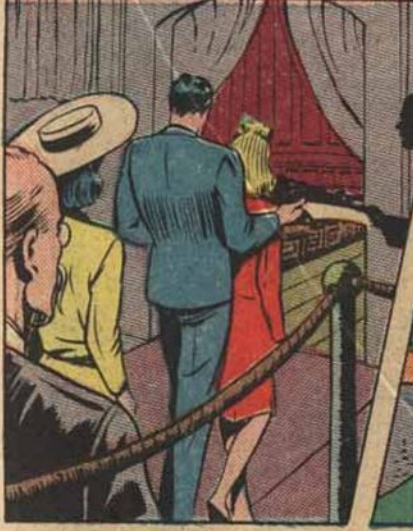
WHY, YES, BARBARA, THE THIRD TIME. BUT I'M NOT BORED.

THEY REACH THE THEATRE...

I'M GLAD YOU THOUGHT OF GOING TO A MOVIE, KIP. THIS CHANGE'LL SAVE MY SANITY!



AS THEY ENTER...AN USHER HANDS KIP A PROGRAM...



BARBARA! LOOK AT THIS!



"DEAD OF THE NIGHT" starring JOHN TREVOR supported by ALICE DAVE, MICHAEL WOLFE, V.G. GODDARD, HARRY SHORTEN, MAY MITCHELL, DELLA LOVO

2nd FEAT. COMEDY 3rd FEAT. NEWSREEL

THEY RUSH OUT OF THE THEATRE.

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, KIP?



YOU TAKE THIS CAB RIGHT TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS AND STAY THERE UNTIL I CALL FOR YOU!

ALL RIGHT, KIP.. DRIVER! POLICE HEADQUARTERS, PLEASE!

THE CAB MOVES SWIFTLY THROUGH THE TRAFFIC AND BARBARA NOTICES..

DRIVER, I SAID POLICE HEADQUARTERS YOU'RE GOING IN THE WRONG DIRECTION!

IT'S THE SKULL'S WARNING THAT MY FRIEND JOHN MITCHELL IS SECOND TO DIE! I'VE GOT TO GO TO MITCHELL'S HOUSE AT ONCE!

THE DRIVER TURNS..

NO, MY DEAR MISS SUTTON? I'M GOING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION! HA HA HA HA!

MEANWHILE

MITCHELL, THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!

WHAT IN...WHY SHOULDN'T I BE ALL RIGHT?

DIDN'T YOU RECEIVE A WARNING NOTE FROM THE SKULL?

WHAT WARNING NOTE? SAY! WHAT'S THE MATTER, ANYWAY?



THE MATTER IS THAT I'VE BEEN TRICKED! DUPED! OPERATOR? OPERATOR? GET ME POLICE HEADQUARTERS AT ONCE!

HELLO.. MCGINTY? WILL YOU CONNECT ME WITH BARBARA, PLEASE?

SO IT WAS A TRICK! WELL, THE SKULL'S GOT BARBARA NOW.. BUT HE WON'T HAVE HER FOR LONG. I'LL SEE TO THAT!

WHO? BARBARA? WHY SHE HASN'T BEEN HERE ALL DAY? WHAT? HELLO? DRAT IT! HE'S HUNG UP!

MITCHELL, I'D LIKE TO BORROW YOUR CAR!

IT'S PARKED JUST AROUND THE CORNER.

THANKS, PAL! I'M ON MY WAY!

THE BLACK HOOD LEAPS INTO THE CAR AND GETS UNDER WAY...

THIS BABY LOOKS LIKE IT CAN MAKE TIME!

THE BLACK HOOD'S CAR APPROACHES A TRAIN CROSSING AND HE RACES MADLY TO BEAT THE LOCOMOTIVE.

HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT! LOOK OUT!!

CRASH!



LATER, IN THE LAIR OF THE SKULL...

HA HA! HOW CLEVERLY I OUT-WITTED YOUR BLACK HOOD!
BUT I HAVE SOMETHING EVEN MORE CLEVER TO SPRING ON HIM!

HE'D MUCH SOONER SEE YOU DEAD THAN WHAT I'M GOING TO DO TO YOU. I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A SMALLER DOSE OF MY POISON! JUST ENOUGH TO TURN YOUR FACE INTO A SKULL WITHOUT KILLING YOU!

INGENIOUS, EH? WHAT'S THAT?



FLASH! NEWS HAS JUST ARRIVED HERE THAT THE BLACK HOOD WAS KILLED FIVE MINUTES AGO WHEN HIS CAR COLLIDED WITH A TRAIN!

HE CAN'T DO THAT TO ME! HE CAN'T DIE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF MY PLANS. I'LL GO DOWN TO THE MORGUE AND SEE FOR MYSELF.

I CAN'T BELIEVE THE HOOD WOULD DIE IN SUCH A CLUMSY, STUPID WAY!

IT IS THE BLACK HOOD!



THE SKULL ENTERS THE MORGUE THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW...

BLAST HIM! HE'S ROBBED ME OF MY REVENGE! DEATH IS TOO EASY A WAY OUT FOR THE PLANS I HAD IN STORE FOR HIM!

THERE'S NO USE KEEPING THE GIRL AROUND NOW. I'LL GO BACK AND FINISH HER OFF QUICK!

THE HOOD? HE-HE'S NOT...

YES, HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT! BUT DON'T GRIEVE. YOU'RE GOING TO JOIN YOUR BELOVED RIGHT NOW!



SUDDENLY..



NOT QUITE, SKULL!



SO YOU TRICKED ME, EH? YOU WON'T DO IT AGAIN!

TSK TSK, SKULL! YOU MISSED!



BAM

UGH!

HERE'S SOMETHING I WAS ITCHING TO GIVE YOU WHEN YOU BENT YOUR UGLY FACE OVER MINE IN THE MORGUE.

BUT I WON'T!



I LET HIM LEAD ME TO YOU FIRST, BARBARA!

BUT HOW DID YOU DO IT, HOOD?



A LITTLE COOPERATION FROM THE POLICE. SOME LIQUID CHALK ON MY FACE AND THERE YOU ARE. SIMPLE, EH?

AND LATER AT THE JAIL..



HAW HAW! YOU BETTER LOOK AROUND FOR SOMEONE TO AVENGE YOU, SKULL!

MOCK ME, YOU FOOL!



... BUT YOU'RE NOT THROUGH WITH ME YET! THIS JAIL WILL NEVER HOLD ME.. I'LL BE OUT OF HERE SOON TO EXACT MY REVENGE THREEFOLD!

CORPSES AREN'T CRAZY

PAGE 31

A BLACK HOOD STORY

KIP BURLAND saw that it was almost twelve noon by the clock on Dr. Irving's desk, and he got to his feet. Dr. Irving followed him to the door. "Thanks a lot for the info, Doc," said Kip. "You've been most interesting."

Dr. Irving waved a deprecatory hand. "Think nothing of it," he said. "We get some pretty unusual insanity cases up here at the asylum."

They shook hands, and Kip started to leave. Suddenly he turned back, a curious look on his face. "Just one more thing," he said. "I understand all you told me about the dangerous insanities—*paranoia*, *schizophrenia*, *dementia praecox*—all those types where the maniac will kill . . . but how come you let this servant of yours, this Walter, go and do as he pleases? He's a patient, isn't he?"

"Walter Lincott, you mean?" Dr. Irving smiled. "Oh, some small-town physician in Ohio sent him here as a charity patient, and he cleans up and does odd jobs for me to sort of pay his board. He's perfectly harmless—mild *melancholia* case; mind of a seven year old child."

Kip thumbed his chin. "Funny," he said. "I've got the oddest feeling that I've seen him before." He shrugged. "Well, it's none of my business, and I'm rather late for my luncheon date with Barbara. So long, Doc."

Barbara pouted prettily. "Kip Burland," she said, "you're late!"

Kip smiled. "Awfully sorry, Barbara," he said. "I dropped up to visit my old classmate, Ian Irving, who's now head doctor at the State Insane Asylum, and he got to talking so interestingly that time just passed."

"Never mind," smiled Barbara. She took Kip's arm. "Let's go have our lunch."

They walked a step or two, and Kip stopped in his tracks. "Oh, heck," he said. "I left my hat in the Doc's office. Will you wait just a few minutes, Barb? I'll run back and get it."

He ran down the street, taking huge steps. In half a minute, he was at the asylum, up the stairs, and through the open door into the office.

He stopped and breath burst tightly from between his clenched teeth. Dr. Ian Irving was lying with his head on his desk, his own letter opener deep in his forehead. Blood dripped crimsonly onto the green desk-blotter.

Kip stared for a minute, stiffly. Then he heard footsteps and he darted behind the screen-partition which Dr. Irving had used when changing from medical clothes to street costume each night. Kip quickly removed his outer clothing and emerged as—The Black Hood!

He found an opening in the partition and stood watching and listening.

Walter Lincott, the feeble-minded patient, walked into the room with a man The Black Hood recognized as the Chief Assistant of the asylum.

The Chief Assistant gibbered excitedly. "Murdered!" he screeched. "My God!" He looked at Lincott. "Was there anybody in the room when you found Irving dead?"

"Nobody in room," replied Lincott. He smiled foolishly.

The Chief Assistant gibbered on. "I've got to report this to the Board even before I call the police. You stay here and see that nobody gets into the room." He dashed out, muttering something mournful about bad publicity.

As soon as the Chief Assistant had left, Lincott reached into his pocket and took out several closely typewritten sheets. He

stared at them, put them back into his pocket, and smiled. His lips twisted, and he looked oddly horrible.

Behind the partition, The Black Hood swept into action. His hunch about having seen Lincott before was correct!

"Lincott?" he whispered. The patient whirled.

"Lincott!" The Black Hood said again. "I recognize you now. You're 'Tiger' Bernard, who escaped from the state pen two months ago!"

"Tiger" Bernard snarled. "The Black Hood!"

"Pretty good idea, having some crooked sawbones enter you in this asylum till your escape blew over," The Black Hood said. "This is a perfect hide-out."

"Sure," said Bernard. "Only I faked it too well! Irving was writing an article about insanity cases for *The Criminology and Psychiatry Journal*, and he was all set to send my picture. I wasn't taking any chances, so I knocked him off." Suddenly a knife was in his hand and he lunged. "And you're next to die," he said.

The Black Hood leaped sideways. He got hold of Bernard's wrist and threw the fake patient to the floor. Bernard got up, and The Black Hood clipped him, neatly on the jaw. Again Bernard got up, and again The Black Hood hit him. This time he did not get up.

The Chief Assistant and two members of the Board rushed into the room. "We heard it all," said the Chief Assistant. "We were going to help you, but you didn't seem to need any help."

"You've heard enough to hang him," said The Black Hood. Suddenly he smiled ruefully. "I'd better get out of here," he said to himself. "A certain young lady must be very, very angry."

THE HUN ATTACKS
in SHIELD - WIZARD # 7

OUT OF THE BLOOD-SOAKED PAGES OF NAZI HISTORY STEPS A BRUTAL MONSTER, A KILLER VICIOUS AS A CORNERED RAT AND DEADLY AS A COBRA... AND DIABOLICAL FATE TESTS THE SHIELD BY PITTING HIM AGAINST THIS, HIS MOST HORRIBLE AND DANGEROUS OPPONENT TO DATE -- THE HUN, SCAR-FACED BEAST OF MURDER! FOLLOW AMERICA'S FIGHTINGEST DUO IN THEIR MOST AMAZING ADVENTURE BY GETTING YOUR COPY OF SHIELD - WIZARD # 7

ON SALE NOW!



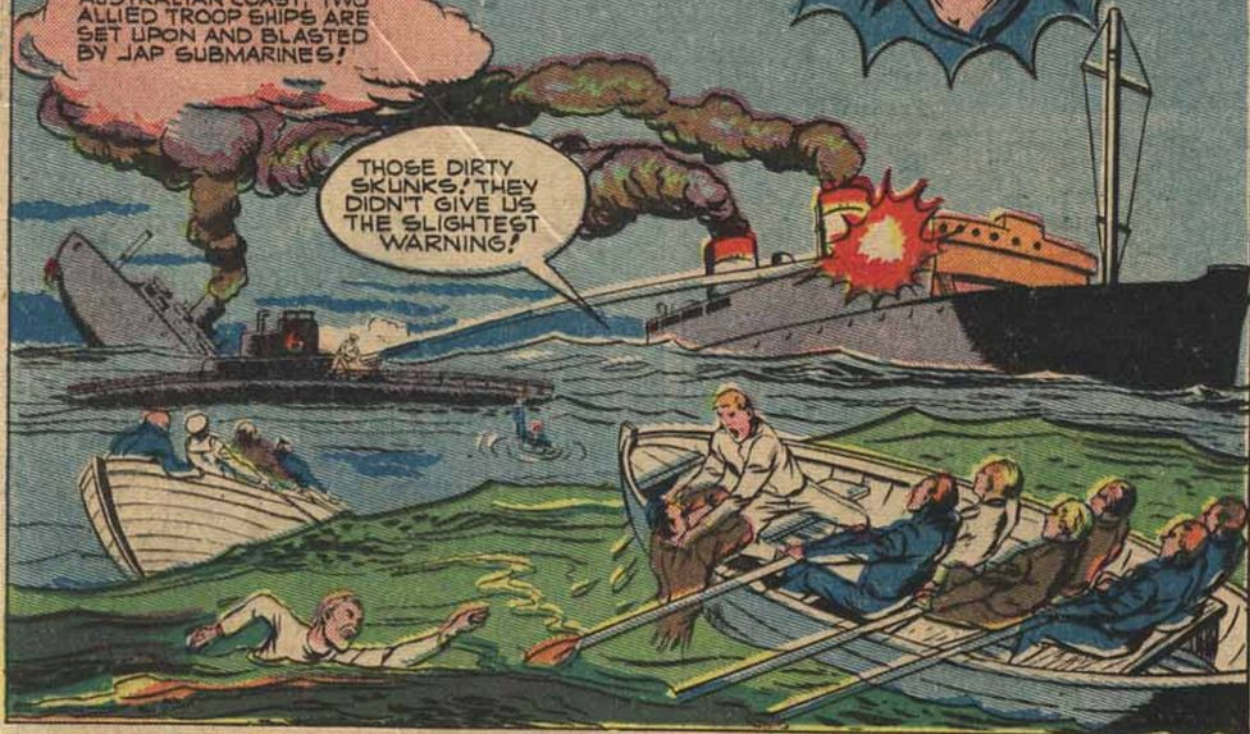
SERGEANT BOYLE

BY HUBBELL

HEY!
IT'S AN
S.O.S.!

A FEW MILES OFF THE AUSTRALIAN COAST, TWO ALLIED TROOP SHIPS ARE SET UPON AND BLASTED BY JAP SUBMARINES!

THOSE DIRTY SKUNKS! THEY DIDN'T GIVE US THE SLIGHTEST WARNING!



S.O.S... S.O.S... WE ARE BEING ATTACKED BY JAP SUBS... WE ARE SINKING RAPIDLY... OUR POSITION... AWWRK!

YEP! THEIR WIRELESS MUST HAVE BEEN HIT! WE'VE GOTTA GET HELP TO 'EM FAST!

HOW CAN WE, WHEN WE DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY ARE?

CRIPES! THEY'VE GONE DEAD!



BESIDES OUR AIR FORCE HASN'T GOTTEN BACK FROM THAT TOKIO RAID YET!

WE STILL HAVE A COUPLE OF PLANES. MAYBE I CAN BORROW ONE. STEP ON IT!





I HOPE WE GET ONE! AFTER ALL, I'M A CAPTAIN. AIN'T I?

HERE'S ONE ALL WARMED UP. KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED! SAY! YOU!



HEY! GET OFF THAT WING, YOU DOPE. THIS IS GENERAL BAINBRIDGE'S PRIVATE PLANE!

AW, COME ON! BE A PAL! NO KIDDING, I'VE GOT TO HAVE THIS SHIP!



SORRY, PAL, WE'LL BRING IT BACK AS GOOD AS NEW!

HEY! HOLD IT! LET ME GET IN!



HURRY UP, SARGE! OR THEY'LL BE GONE BY THE TIME WE GET THERE!

SHE'S WIDE OPEN! SAY! YOU SEE THAT SMOKE ON THE HORIZON?



YEP! THERE THEY ARE! I HOPE WE'RE IN TIME!

THEY'RE PROBABLY SHELLING THE LIFEBOATS NOW! HANG ONTO YOUR HAT!



AMERICAN PLANE! OPEN FIRE ON THE DOGS!



OK, YOU DIRTY RATS! YOU'LL GET YOURS IN ABOUT A MINUTE... WOW!

BETTER PULL YOUR HEAD IN, TWERP! THEY MEAN BUSINESS!



THEY'RE SUBMERGING! BUT IT'S TOO LATE!



OKAY, MY LITTLE TORPEDO! GIVE 'EM A KISS FOR UNCLE SAMMY!



GOOD AIMING, BARGE! YOU GOT 'IM!



HMM! AN ISLAND! THE SURVIVORS CAN LAND THERE TILL A RESCUE SHIP ARRIVES!



MEANWHILE THERE'S NOTHING MORE WE CAN DO UNTIL... SAY! WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE OUR MOTOR!

GOSH! THEY MUST HAVE HIT OUR FUEL TANK! SHE'S EMPTY!



IT'LL BE A MIRACLE IF I CAN GLIDE THIS KITE TO THAT ISLAND! HOPE YOU DON'T MIND GETTING YOUR FEET WET, TWERP!



WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT PLANE? DID THEY MAKE IT ALLRIGHT?

I DON'T KNOW! THEY MUSTA LANDED BEHIND THOSE TREES!



I MUST HAVE BEEN BORN WITH A DOZEN HORSESHOES IN EACH HAND!

TWERP! YOU ALL RIGHT?





G-GOSH! IS THIS ONE OF THOSE FRIENDLY GUYS BOYLE WAS TALKIN' ABOUT!



WHO YOU? ANSWER!

ER ER ER



SPEAK UP! WHAT YOU DO HERE?

I'M G'CAPTAIN TWERP OF THE B.E.F. - NO KIDDIN'. SEE MY UNIFORM?



OH! YOU ENGLISH? WHY YOU DIDN'T SAY? COME! I TAKE YOU TO VILLAGE!

WAIT! I'LL GET THE REST OF THE BOYS, WHEW!

BANG



WHAT'S UP, TWERP?

OVER HERE, BOYLE! HURRY!



I SEE YOU FOUND A NATIVE! DOES HE SPEAK ENGLISH?

OH SURE! I GOT EVERYTHING FIXED! WE'RE PRACTICALLY IN!



WHEN THEY ARRIVE AT THE VILLAGE, BOYLE MEETS THE OLD CHIEF...

..SO THAT'S THE STORY! NOW, CAN WE BORROW A FEW CANOES TO GET BACK TO AUSTRALIA?



ENGLISHMAN OUR FRIEND! WE LEND YOU CANOES MANNED BY OUR STRONGEST ROWERS!



BUT LOOK! EVEN NOW YOUR COMRADES COME TO RESCUE YOU!

THAT'S FUNNY! I DIDN'T THINK THEY'D BE BACK FROM THAT RAID SO SOON!



YIPPEE!
OUR PLANES! LET'S
SIGNAL THEM!

NO!
WAIT A
MINUTE...



HOLY SMOKE!
THEY'RE DROPPING
BOMBS- SCATTER!
EVERYBODY SEEK
SHELTER!



BOOM!
BOOM!
BAM!
CRASH!

FOR TEN MINUTES DEATH RAINING FROM THE SKY... THEN, WHEN THE BOMBERS HAVE ROARED AWAY...



BOY! WHAT A
BOMBARDMENT! IT'LL
BE A WONDER IF
ANYBODY'S LEFT
ALIVE!



THEY GOT THE
CHIEF. GEE, THAT'S
TOUGH! HE WAS
A SWELL OLD
GUY!

THE BOYS
ARE OKAY!
YOU ALLRIGHT,
SARGE?



I CAN'T
UNDERSTAND
IT! WHY SHOULD
OUR PLANES BOMB
... SAY!

THE
NATIVES
ARE COMIN'
BACK! GOSH,
THEY LOOK
MAD!



NOW
WAIT A
MINUTE!
LET'S TALK
THIS OVER!

**SEIZE
THEM!**
THEY KILLED
OUR CHIEF!



TAKE
THEM ALIVE!
DON'T LET THEM
ESCAPE!

OKAY
PUT DOWN THAT
TOAD-STABBER!
I KNOW WHEN
I'M LICKED!

TAKEN PRISONER BY THE NATIVES, THE BOYS ARE HERDED INTO A BIG ENCLOSURE...

I WONDER WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT! THEY KNEW THESE HEAD-HUNTERS WERE FRIENDLY!

THERE'S A BIG POW-WOW GOIN' ON...?? WHAT? DID YOU SAY HEADHUNTERS?

S-SAY, PAL, WE COULDN'T HELP IT ABOUT YOUR CHIEF!.. WH-WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN TO US?

OOOH!
GOSH!

S-SAY, SARGE, THEY'RE GOING TO C-CUT OFF OUR HEADS!

LOOK! A GERMAN PLANE JUST LANDED! WHAT'S UP?

I AM BARON SCHLAGSBAHN! I WANT TO SEE! YOUR CHIEF!

TAKE ME TO HIM!

MY MY! VOT HAPPENED HERE? EFFERYTHING ALL BUSTED! TSK! TSK! DOSE BRITISH, NO DOUBT! TOO BAD!

FOR NEARLY AN HOUR THE LONE NAZI AND THE NEW CHIEF CONFER... THEN...

GOOT! IT'S ALL SETTLED, DEN! OUR SOLDIERS WILL START ARRIVING AT ONCE! IT'S A PLEASURE TO DEAL MIT A SMART MAN!

YES! THEY WILL BE WELCOME!

THE DOPE! HE'S SELLING OUT TO THE NAZIS AND JAPS! I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM! BUT HOW?

PSST!

OH IT'S YOU AGAIN! LISTEN! YOU KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF THE JAPS OVER-RUN YOUR ISLAND! YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME OUT OF HERE!

QUICK! THIS WAY! I LET YOU OUT!

NOW IF I CAN JUST GET TO THAT PLANE BEFORE THAT NAZI DOES!





GOOD BYE, MY FRIENDS! DER FUEHRER SHALL HEAR OF YOUR COOPERATION!



HAHAHAHA! VOT A BUNCH OF DUMMKOPFS! IF DEY ONLY KNEW DOSE PLANES WERE FLOWN BY NAZI SOLDIERS!

I SHALL BE VELL REWARDED FOR DISS BRILLIANT PIECE OF STRATEGY!

HMM... THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW!



OKAY, YOU CAN STOP LAUGHING NOW AND TAKE ME TO YOUR BASE!



YAH! YAH! WHY NOT? I VAS GOING DERE ANYWAY!

GOOD! NOW LOCK THE RUDDER AND WRITE WHAT I DICTATE!



SURE! SURE! HERE'S MY SIGNATURE FIRST! HA!



PRETTY CUTE AREN'T YOU? LET'S SEE IF YOU'RE TOUGH, TOO!

UGH!



ALLRIGHT! I GIFF UP! DON'T HIT ME ANY MORE!

THAT'S A SMART BOY... NOW START WRITING!



THAT'S THE TICKET! ARE WE THERE YET?

HERE IS DER BASE!



TOSS THAT MESSAGE OVER THE SIDE! NOW HEAD THIS CRATE BACK TO THAT ISLAND!



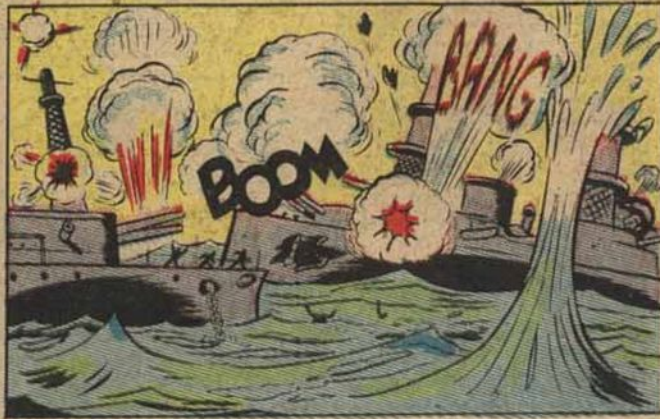
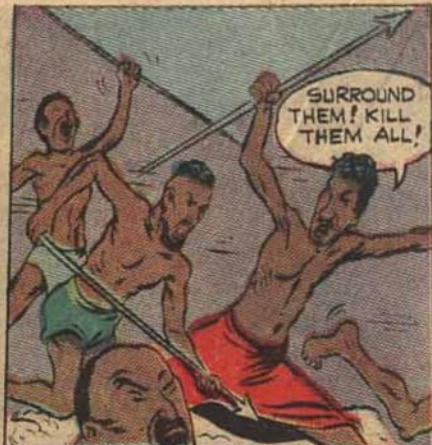
PECULIAR HE DO NOT LAND! I CATCH NOTE FOR GENERAL!

To the honorable
Commander -
Mission -
satisfactorily
completed. The
native are in full
sympathy with our
bombards. Am re-
turning to island
at once to keep
dinner engagement
with chief.



MEANWHILE BOYLE AND HIS PRIS-
ONER RETURN TO THE ISLAND...





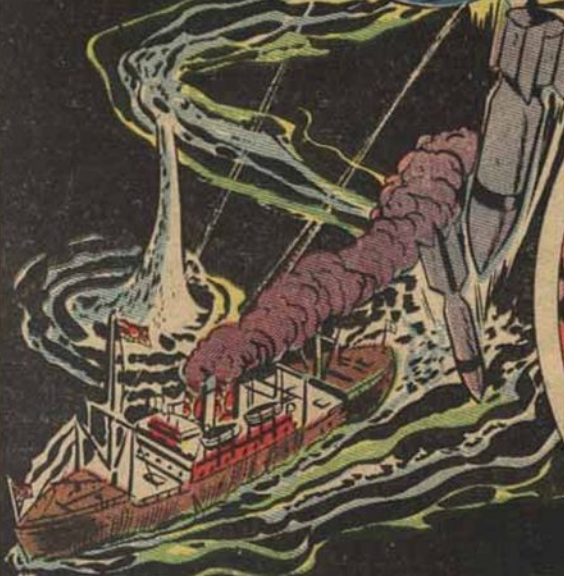


JACKPOT'S HALL OF FAME

PATROL WING NO.10 OF U.S. NAVY

HERE IS A TALE TORN OUT OF A CLOUDLESS SKY--A SKY BLACK WITH SWARMS OF JAP ZERO FIGHTERS SPATTERING WHITE HOT PELLETS OF DEATH AGAINST THOSE FLYING SONS OF THE NAVY'S AIR ARMY. PATROL WING NO. 10!

JACKPOT'S HALL OF FAME TAKES OFF ITS HAT TO THE BOMBER PATROL WHICH STARTED AT LUZON WITH 40 BIG PBV'S AND IN THE FACE OF OVERWHELMING ODDS KEPT 'EM FLYIN' FOR THREE MONTHS ...ENDING ITS NON-STOP BLASTING OF ENEMY SHIPS AND SHORES IN AUSTRALIA WITH TWO FLYING FLAME-THROWERS LEFT!



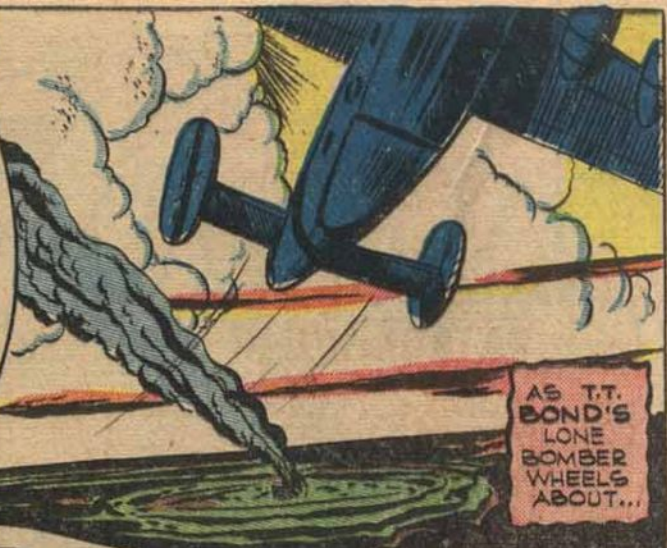
"MADE IN U.S.A." IS STAMPED ON THE BOMB THAT SINKS THE RISING SUN. IT IS ANOTHER INCIDENT IN THE STORY OF PATWING 10, THE AFFECTIONATE NICKNAME FOR THE BOMBER PATROL!...



FOR INSTANCE THERE'S THE STORY OF CHIEF AVIATION MATE, T.T. BOND OF OGDEN, UTAH...



OKAY, GANG - THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT LOAD! I'LL TURN HER BACK TO JAVA!



AS T.T. BOND'S LONE BOMBER WHEELS ABOUT...



... SUDDENLY FROM THE CLOUDS DART A HORNET'S NEST OF JAP ZERO PLANES!

OH, OH, HERE COMES TROUBLE!

MAN THE GUNS! WE'RE 12,000 FEET ABOVE THE SEA! LET'S STAY THERE!



HEY, MAC, WHY DO THEY CALL 'EM ZERO PLANES?

THAT'S HOW MANY'LL BE LEFT WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH 'EM ... UNGHHH! OHHHHHH!

THEY'VE GOT MAC! WE'LL HAVE TO JUMP FOR IT - FOUR AT A TIME! TAKE OVER, BANNOWSKY!

I'LL PUT HER INTO A DIVE, BOND!





LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GETTING A DOSE OF LEAD POISONING! THOSE YELLOW DOGS KNOW WE'VE NO PROTECTION!



I HOPE BANNOWSKY AND THE REST OF THE BOYS BAILED OUT IN TIME!

BUT HAD THEY? BACK IN THE PLANE... AS IT DIVES FOR THE WATER...

WE'RE TOO CLOSE TO THE WATER TO JUMP NOW! OUR CHUTES WILL NEVER OPEN IN TIME!



OKAY THEN! TRY TO PULL HER OUT OF THIS. UNH-UNH! EASY DOES IT!



DESPITE THE SHOT-AWAY FABRIC, PILOT C. J. BANNOWSKY STRAIGHTENED THE PLANE OUT AND HEADED FOR SHORE AND FOR AID!



BOY! LOOK AT THAT BABY GO! TOO BAD WE JUMPED, AFTER ALL!



DUCK UNDER THE WATER, MEN!



BUT THE TREACHEROUS JAPS MACHINE GUNNED THE MEN IN THE WATER



THINKING THEY HAVE KILLED ALL SURVIVORS, THE JAPS HEAD FOR THE EAST!



BOY! IT FEELS GOOD TO BREATHE AGAIN!

WHERE ARE BILL AND HANK?



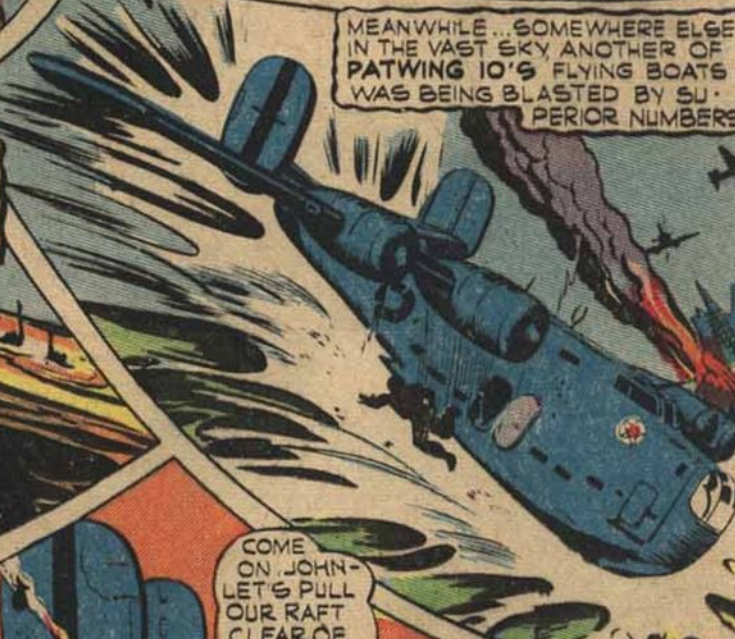
THERE THEY ARE! GIVE ME A HAND, BOND! THEY'VE BEEN HIT!



LET'S HEAD NORTH! WE'RE BOUND TO BE PICKED UP - IF WE CAN KEEP SWIMMING!

SEE, HANK IS SURE HEAVY!

BOND WAS QUITE RIGHT..... THEY WERE PICKED UP! AS SOON AS THEIR OWN PLANE LANDED, A RESCUE BOAT SET OUT... AND TODAY ALL FOUR SURVIVORS ARE STILL AIMING AT THE ENEMY THROUGH THEIR GUN-SIGHTS!



MEANWHILE... SOMEWHERE ELSE IN THE VAST SKY ANOTHER OF PATWING 10'S FLYING BOATS WAS BEING BLASTED BY SUPERIOR NUMBERS

COME ON JOHN - LET'S PULL OUR RAFT CLEAR OF THE SHIP!

WATCH IT! HERE THEY COME!



LOOK OUT, MIKE!
THEY'RE STRAPING US!

WAIT'LL I GET
MY HANDS ON OUR
MACHINE GUN!

HERE'S WHERE
WE GET SOME OF
OUR SCRAP METAL
BACK!

DOWN, BUT NOT OUT, THE CRIPPLED
PBV SENDS OUT THE LEADEN
DEATH WHICH PUTS THE JAPS
OUT OF COMMISSION...

THAT TAKES CARE
OF THEM! ANYONE
ELSE LIKE A TASTE
OF OUR ARTILLERY?

THOSE TWO GALLANT AIR-
MEN, MIKE KELLY OF MEN-
DAM, N.J. AND JOHN CUM-
BERLAND OF SALINA, KAN.
DRIFTED FOR 20 HOURS..

IF ONLY
WE COULD
HELP!

ONLY TWO OUT OF TWELVE
BOMBERS RETURNED.
PATWING 10 WAS DWIND-
LING RAPIDLY...
AND THEN ON CHRISTMAS
DAY - OVER THE BEACH
ON BATAAN - A DOGFIGHT
RAGED...

WATCHING WERE. LIEUT. H.R. SWENSON
OF STOCKTON, CALIF. AND
J.S. CLARK OF FAIRHOPE
ALABAMA.

HMM...MAYBE WE
CAN... LOOK, ONE OF
OUR PLANES IS IN
THE BAY!

THERE'S SOME-
BODY IN THERE...
HE'S STILL BLAZ-
ING AWAY AT
THOSE JAPS!

GOOD BOY!.. COME
ON! LET'S GIVE
HIM A HAND!

INSIDE THE DAMAGED BOMBER SWENSON AND CLARK FOUND ROLAND FOSTER OF HARVEY, N.D. CARRYING ON THE TRADITIONS OF PATWING 10

IT'S FOSTER! NICE GOING, LAD! IS THERE ANOTHER GUN HANDY?

SHE'S SHIPPING PLENTY OF WATER THROUGH THOSE BULLET HOLES!

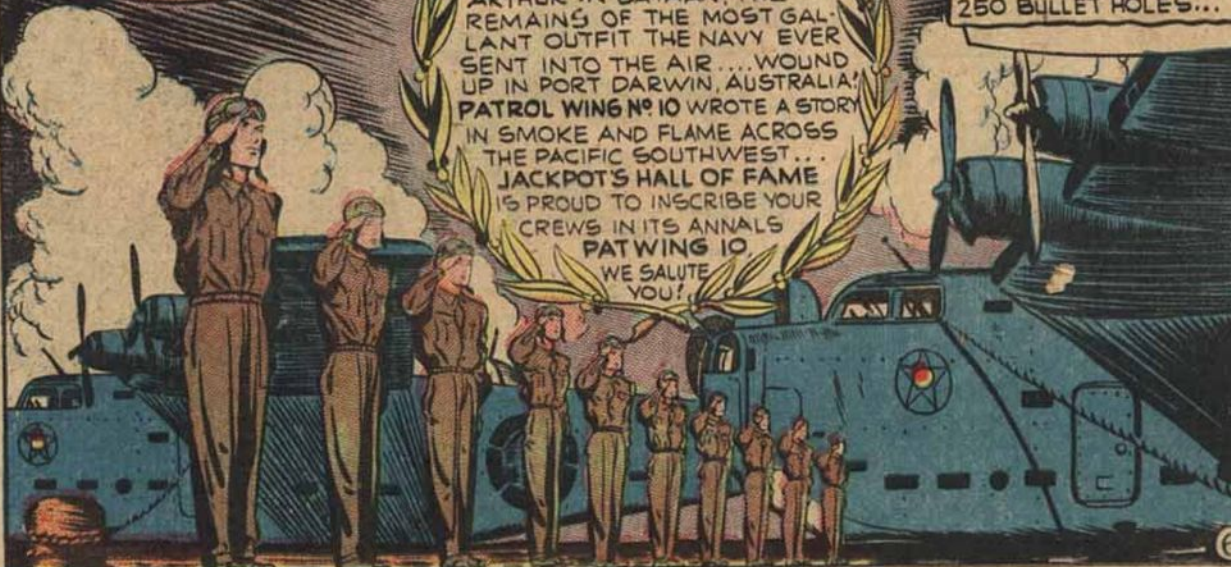
YEAH... BUT YOU GUYS CAN DO A LOT MORE GOOD BY BAILING THE WATER OUTTA THIS CRATE!

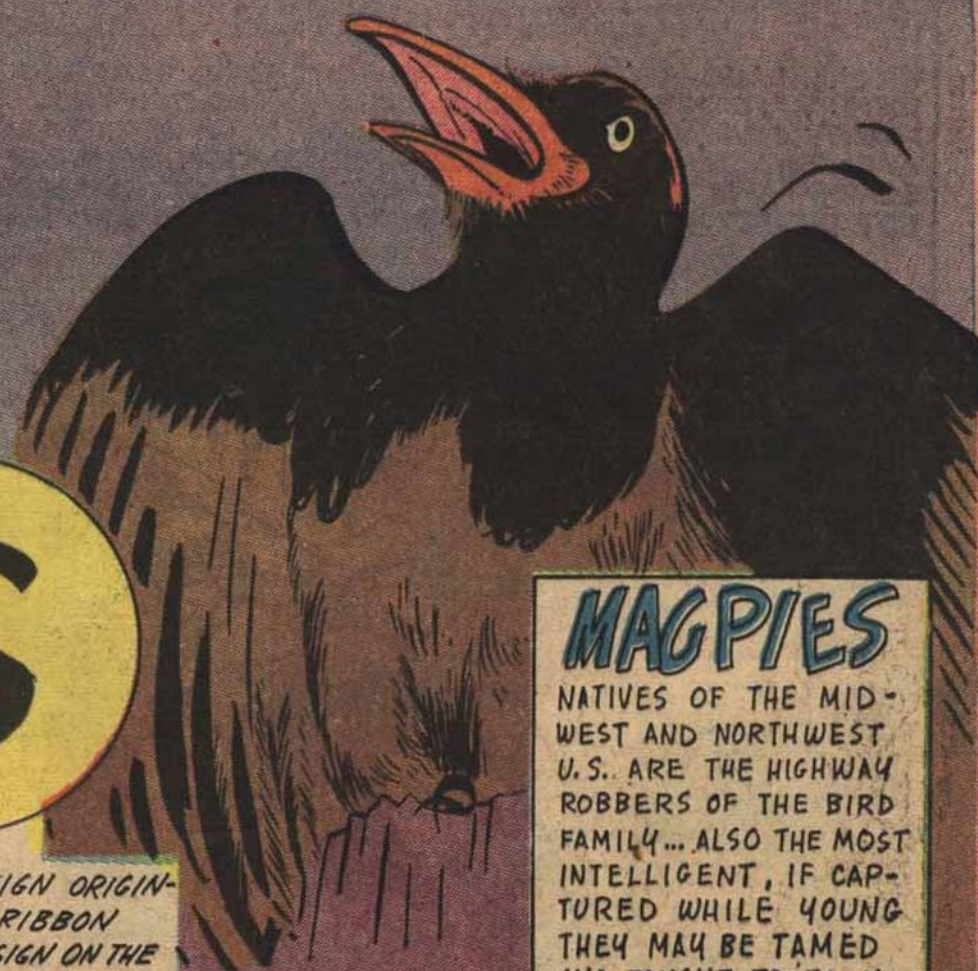
I'LL HANDLE THE SHOOTING END!

NOT A BAD JOB OF HANDLING, IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF!

MECHANIC FOSTER NOT ONLY MANNED ALL THREE GUNS OF THE FLOATING HULK, BUT MANNED THE PUMPS WHICH PUMPED OUT WATER THAT WAS POURING IN THROUGH 250 BULLET HOLES...

FIRST THERE WERE FORTY... AND NOW THERE ARE TWO! AFTER FIVE WEEKS WITH GENERAL MAC ARTHUR IN BATAAN, THE REMAINS OF THE MOST GAL-LANT OUTFIT THE NAVY EVER SENT INTO THE AIR... WOUND UP IN PORT DARWIN, AUSTRALIA! PATROL WING #10 WROTE A STORY IN SMOKE AND FLAME ACROSS THE PACIFIC SOUTHWEST... JACKPOT'S HALL OF FAME IS PROUD TO INSCRIBE YOUR CREWS IN ITS ANNALS PATWING 10 WE SALUTE YOU!





MAGPIES
 NATIVES OF THE MID-
 WEST AND NORTHWEST
 U.S. ARE THE HIGHWAY
 ROBBERS OF THE BIRD
 FAMILY... ALSO THE MOST
 INTELLIGENT, IF CAP-
 TURED WHILE YOUNG
 THEY MAY BE TAMED
 AND TAUGHT TO TALK...

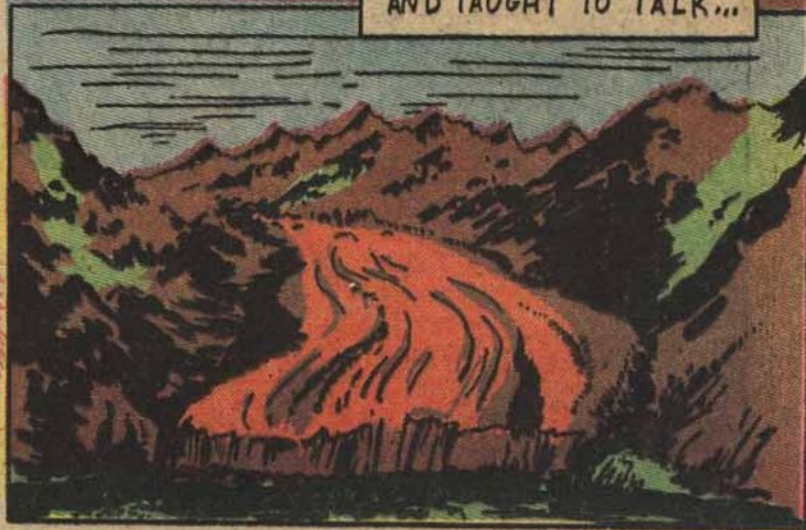


THE DOLLAR SIGN ORIGIN-
 ATED FROM A RIBBON
 ENTWINED DESIGN ON THE
 SPANISH DOLLAR WIDELY
 USED IN COLONIAL AMERICA.



IF THE COCOON
 OF THE SILK
 WORM IS UNWOUND
 THE THREAD MAY BE
 AS LONG AS 9/4 OF
 A MILE.....

-Goss



GLACIERS OF THE LAST ICE AGE DREW SO
 MUCH WATER FROM THE SEA THAT
 THEY LOWERED ITS LEVEL OVER 300 FT.... ISLANDS LIKE
 ENGLAND WERE THEN CONNECTED WITH THE CONTINENT.

LAUGH! LAUGH! LAUGH!

in the SEPT. TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS!

YOU'LL LAUGH UNTIL YOUR RIBS ACHE, UNTIL TEARS ARE IN YOUR EYES, UNTIL YOU CAN'T CATCH YOUR BREATH — AS YOU WATCH THE ANTICS OF **POKEY OAKY**, THE FUNNIEST FUNNY MAN OF THEM ALL; **SUZIE**, THE WACKIEST DAMSEL THIS SIDE OF THE MOON; **SEÑOR SIESTA**, THE SCREWY SOUTH AMERICAN; **SNOOP MCGOOK**, THE WORLD'S DUMBEST DETECTIVE; **THE THREE MONKEYTEERS**; AND MANY OTHERS...



ALSO FEATURING **THE BLACK HOOD**, IN DESPERATE COMBAT WITH THAT ARCH-MURDERER, **THE MOLD**, WHOSE DEATH WEAPON HORRIFIES THE NATION!... WATCH FOR YOUR COPY OF THE SEPT. **TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS!**

MR JUSTICE



THE SPIRIT WORLD IS IN REVOLT! AND FOR THE FIRST SINCE HE BEGAN FERRYING THE SOULS OF THE DEAD ACROSS THE RIVER STYX, CHARON, THE FERRYMAN, CARRIES A CARGO BACK TO THE MORTAL WORLD... WHY THIS BIZARRE REBELLION? WHAT ARE THE PLANS OF THESE MUTINOUS SPIRITS? THE ANSWERS TO THESE QUESTIONS ARE DESTINED TO GIVE MR. JUSTICE THE WEIRDEST, MOST EXCITING ADVENTURE OF HIS CAREER!

FELLOW CITIZENS OF A BYGONE AGE, I, JULIUS CAESAR, HAVE ASKED YOU TO MEET TO DISCUSS THE WORLD OF 1942! I FEEL THE EARTH IS CRUMBLING UNDER THE RULE OF WAR LORDS!

EET EES TIME! OUR EARTHLY REPRESENTATIVE, MONSIEUR JUSTICE - HE DO NOTHING! HE EES BIG FAILURE!

I NOMINATE YOU, THREE MUSKETEERS, AND YOU, NAPOLEON...



... TO GO FORTH INTO THE WORLD TO PREVENT THE PRESENT-DAY HOLOCAUST.



WE WILL SUCCEED WHERE MONSIEUR JUSTICE, HE 'AS FAILED, 'ALLONS'



THE THREE MUSKETEERS SET FORTH, SAILY SINGING...



ACROSS THE CHASM THAT SEPARATES THE LIVING FROM THE DEAD, MR. JUSTICE SENSES THE PRESENCE OF IMMORTAL BEINGS..



THE HOUSE BOAT ON THE STYX! THAT'S WHERE THESE VIBRATIONS ARE COMING FROM!



WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE?



YOU'RE UP TO SOMETHING. WHAT IS IT?
WE HAVE BECOME DISGUSTED, CITIZEN JUSTICE, AT YOUR INABILITY TO KEEP THE WORLD AT PEACE. THEREFORE WE'VE SENT OUT THE THREE MUSKETEERS AND NAPOLEON TO ACCOMPLISH THIS MISSION!



GREAT HEAVENS! THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO DO ANYTHING!.. WARFARE HAS CHANGED TREMENDOUSLY SINCE THE DAYS OF PORTHOS, ATHOS AND ARAMIS.



I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!

THE SCENE CHANGES, REVEALING THE THREE MUSKETEERS SWAGGERING THROUGH WAR-TORN EUROPE



LOOK, MES AMIS! EET SAY CONCENTRATION CAMP... LET US RESCUE THE PRISONERS!



SINGING AT THE TOP OF THEIR LUNGS, THE THREE MUSKETEERS CHARGE AT THE BEWILDERED GUARDS...



EN GARDE!

WHY LOOK AT THE...

STRANGE WAY THEY HOLD THEIR WEAPONS!



WITH THE DEXTERITY THAT MADE THEM HEROES OF FRANCE, THE FENCING TRIO GET RID OF THEIR ADVERSARIES

JGGG!

AAARRGH!

TOUCHÉ!



STAND IN MY WAY, WILL YOU, BOCHE?

4000000000



COME, FRIENDS, I HAVE OPENED THE GATES... YOU ARE FREE TO LEAVE THIS PRISON!

JOYOUS BECAUSE OF THEIR NEW-FOUND LIBERTY, THE PRISONERS START TO FILE OUT...





ACH, HANS, SOMEONE HAS LET OUR PRISONERS OUT... I'LL CHANGE THEIR MINDS FOR THEM!



ACHTUNG! AIM! FIRE!



THE RAIN OF LEAD DEATH SNUFFS OUT THE LIVES OF ESCAPING PRISONERS ... AND AS THE NAZI GUARDS CONTINUE THEIR MASSACRE



THE THREE MUSKETEERS STAND AGHAST AT THE CARNAGE...

LOOK! THEY ARE KILLING PRISONERS OF WAR!

IMPOSSIBLE!

IT CAN'T BE!



WHAT HAVE WE DONE?

IT'S ALL OUR FAULT!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND EET / THEY ARE NOT FOLLOWING THE RULES OF WAR!



IN THE MEANTIME, THE WRAITHLIKE FORM OF MR. JUSTICE SPEEDS TO THE SCENE...



TOO LATE! THE DAMAGE IS DONE...

...BUT I'M NOT TOO LATE TO PREVENT FURTHER MASSACRE!

IN THE WINKING OF AN EYE, MR. JUSTICE TOSSES THE NAZI MACHINE GUNNERS FOR A LOSS...



AND LEADS THE PRISONERS BACK INTO THE CAMP

GET BACK! THIS KIND OF FREEDOM WONT DO YOU ANY GOOD!

COME ON, MEN! LET'S GET TO THE RIVER STYX. YOU SPIRITS HAVE CAUSED ENOUGH TROUBLE

DON'T YOU SEE, FREEING THOSE PRISONERS WOULD ONLY HAVE ADDED TO THEIR TROUBLES? THEY'D BE HUNTED CREATURES, SOONER OR LATER TO BE CAUGHT AND SHOT BY THE NAZI BUTCHERS!

OUI! YOU ARE RIGHT!



I HOPE I CAN CONVINCE NAPOLEON OF THAT- IF HE HASN'T GONE TOO FAR ALREADY!

NAPOLEON WHILE NEARS HITLER'S HEADQUARTERS ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT

KARL! LOOK!

ACH YAS? NAPOLEON?



MR. JUSTICE HURTTLES IN- TO THE ETHER IN HOT PUR- SUIT OF...





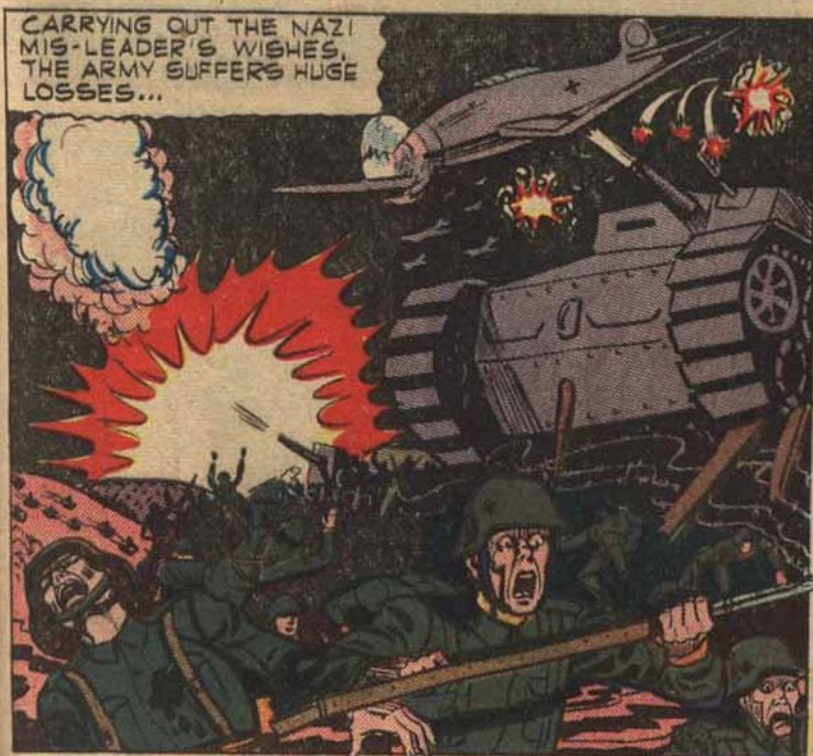
I WILL LOSE? YOU ARE CRAZY!
I CANNOT LOSE... I WILL START A
BATTLE THIS MINUTE AND VE WILL
SEE WHOSE ADVICE I SHOULD
FOLLOW!



I WANT MOSCOW TAKEN
AT VUNCE ... ADVANCE MIT
DER INFANTRY!

DO AS
I SAY!

BUT, FUEHRER-
VE ARE NOT
PREPARED!



CARRYING OUT THE NAZI
MIS-LEADER'S WISHES,
THE ARMY SUFFERS HUGE
LOSSES...



FUEHRER, FUEHRER,
OUR TROOPS-HAVE
BEEN CUT TO
RIBBONS!



IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!
TAKE THIS IMPOSTOR
AND STRING HIM UP!

HA-HA-HA! DO
YOU THINK YOU
CAN KEEP ME
FROM ESCAP-
ING?

SUDDENLY NAPOLEON
BECOMES ROOTED TO THE
SPOT.

SACRE JOSEPHINE!
I CANNOT LEAVE MY MOR-
TAL COIL-I AM IMPRISON-
ED IN IT!



SO! YOU WILL GIFF ADVICE,
EH? I SHALL KEEP YOU
HEFE JUST TO REMIND ME
I HAFF NOT
KILLED
ENOUGH
OF MY
ENEMIES!

IN A FLASH, MR. JUSTICE ENTERS...



...AND HIS FISTS FLASH OUT LIKE TWIN THUNDER-BOLTS...



...MR. JUSTICE DISPOSES OF THE LAST TWO TORTURERS...



YOU'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE RIVER STYX, NAP-OLEON!

I CANNOT LEAVE THIS MORTAL FORM I ASSUMED!



WELL THEN, I'LL HAVE TO GIVE YOU A HAND!



BACK TO THE RIVER OF DEAD SOULS WE GO!



LATER...

NOW, WHAT IS THIS I HEAR ABOUT YOU GENTLEMEN COMPLAINING?... ER, HAVE YOU SOMETHING TO SAY, NERO?

YES! EVEN IN MY TIME SOMEONE WAS ALWAYS PREDICTING THE END OF CIVILIZATION...AND YET HUMANS ALWAYS MANAGE TO GET AROUND THEIR TROUBLES AND KEEP GOING!

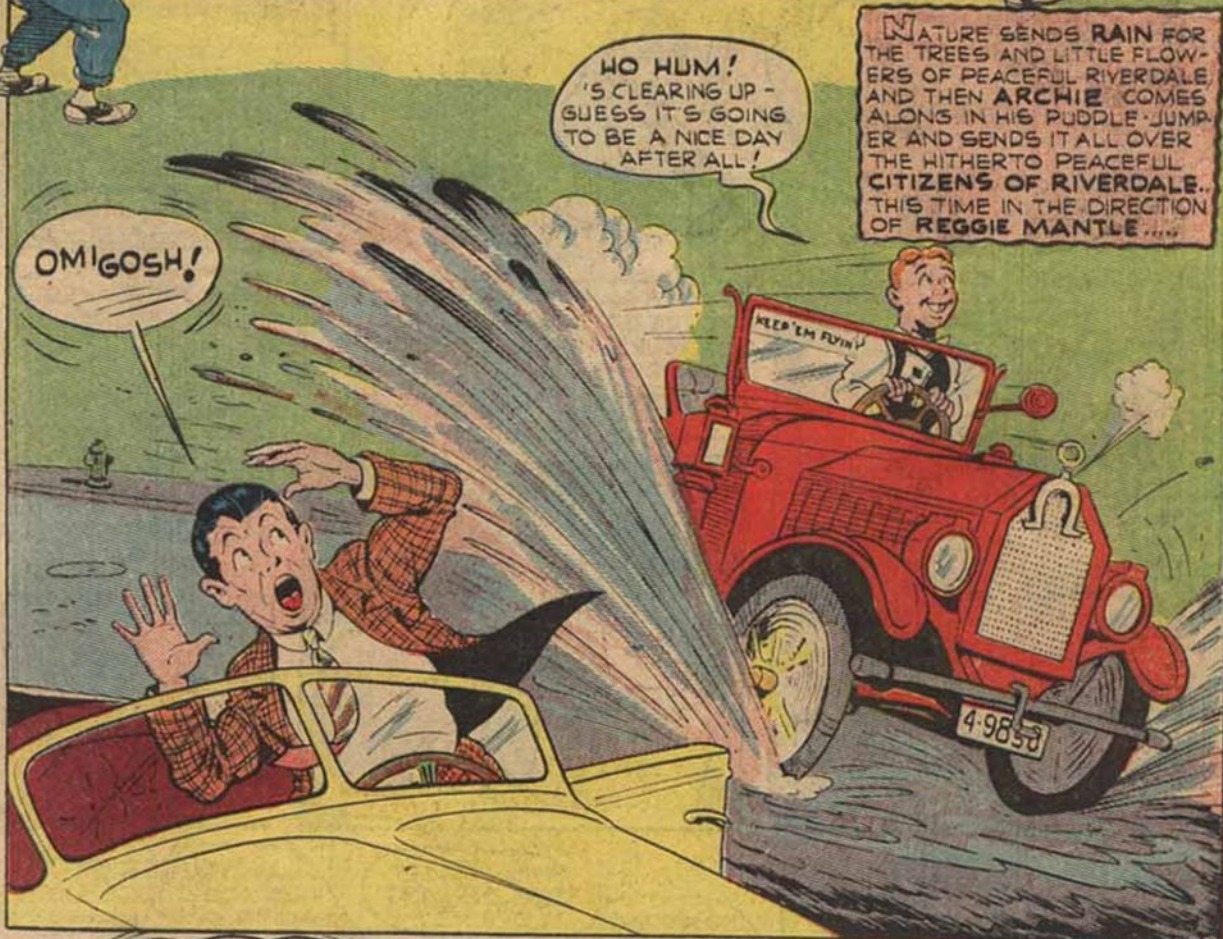
TRUE! SLOWLY BUT SURELY, THE HUMAN RACE WILL MOVE AHEAD UNTIL CRUELTY IS WIPED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH...AND IF THEY NEED A HELPING HAND IN THE MEANTIME, I'LL BE RIGHT THERE TO GIVE IT TO THEM!



FOR ANOTHER UNUSUAL ADVENTURE WITH MR. JUSTICE BE SURE TO GET YOUR NEXT COPY OF JACKPOT

Archie

by
Montana



NATURE SENDS RAIN FOR THE TREES AND LITTLE FLOWERS OF PEACEFUL RIVERDALE AND THEN ARCHIE COMES ALONG IN HIS PUDDLE-JUMPER AND SENDS IT ALL OVER THE HITHERTO PEACEFUL CITIZENS OF RIVERDALE... THIS TIME IN THE DIRECTION OF REGGIE MANTLE....



TRY THIS BOMB ON YOUR BEEZER, BUM!



HE MUST LIKE MUD THE WAY HE INSISTS ON WALLOWING IN IT... HUMPH! AND I DIDN'T EVEN LAY A FINGER ON HIM!

I'LL GET EVEN WITH THAT GUY IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!



Next day... ARCHIE IS PATCHING THE PATCHES ON HIS INNERTUBES...

HEY! ARE YOU ARCHIE ANDREWS?

HUH? Y-YES SIR!



GOT A COURT ORDER FOR YOU! YOU'VE GOTTA KEEP THAT JALOPY OF YOURS OFF THE STREETS OR THE POLICE DEPARTMENT WILL BE FORCED TO CONFISCATE IT! THE COMMISSIONER SAYS IT'S A HAZARD TO PUBLIC SAFETY!

WHAT!



HMM... NO BRAKES, NO MUFFLER, NO HORN, NO LIGHTS... IN FACT... NO CAR!... SIGNED HIGHWAY COMMISSIONER MANTLE! OH! IT DOESN'T TAKE A QUIZ KID TO FIGURE OUT THAT CONNECTION! ...REGGIE, THE RAT!



HEY, ARCHIE! WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHAT THEY'RE GOING TO HAVE AT THE COUNTY FAIR FRIDAY!

PHOOEY! ME WITHOUT MY CAR IS LIKE VERONICA LAKE WITH A "BALDY"!



NO KIDDIN', ARCHIE! READ THIS! IT'S MADE TO ORDER FOR US!

WILL YOU GET THAT DARN CAT OFF ME!

ALL RIGHT! LET'S SEE WHAT YOU'VE GOT!



SAY! YOU'RE RIGHT! THAT COURT ORDER JUST SAID TO KEEP MY CAR OFF THE STREETS, I CAN GET IN THIS RACE AND WIN A NEW CAR! WOW!



FREE WIN THIS BEAUTIFUL 1942 CONVERTIBLE ROADSTER



ENTER THE CROSS COUNTRY OBSTACLE JALOPY RACE ALL ENTRANTS REGISTER

NEXT MORNING AT SCHOOL

ARE YOU REALLY GOING IN THE JALOPPY RACE, ARCHIE?

ISN'T IT EXCITING!

AREN'T YOU AFRAID OF THE DANGER, ARCHIE?

I HOPE YOU WIN, ARCHIE! IT'S AN AWFULLY NICE ROADSTER!



CAN YOU BEAT IT! THAT WOULD-BE BARNEY OLDFIELD GOES IN A RACE AND THOSE DIZZY DAMES FALL ALL OVER HIM... WELL, TWO CAN PLAY AT THIS GAME!



YEAH, THAT'S IT - I WANT THAT MOTOR TAKEN OUT AND PUT IN THE OLDEST JALOPPY YOU HAVE!



JALOPPY CROSS COUNTRY RACE
Entrance

FRIDAY, DAY OF THE RACE



HA! HA! HA! GET A LOAD OF THAT SEWING MACHINE REGGIES GOING TO RACE - I'LL BET HE CAN'T EVEN START IT!

GO AHEAD! LAUGH, SUCKER!









WE SEEM
AWFUL
HIGH UP!

I BETTER
STOP THE
CAR AND
FIND OUT
WHERE
WE ARE!



NOT THAT I'M WORRIED
ABOUT GETTING LOGT....
WITH MY SENSE OF
DIRECTION, I...



YEOW!



HALP!
JUGHEAD!

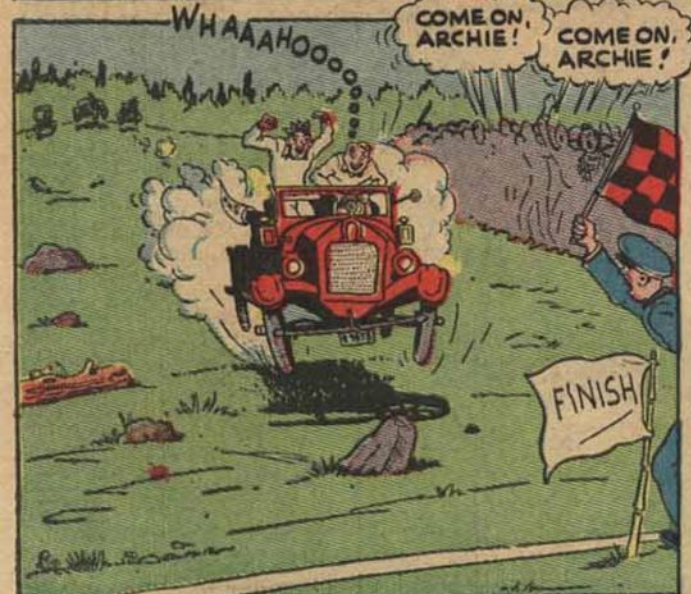
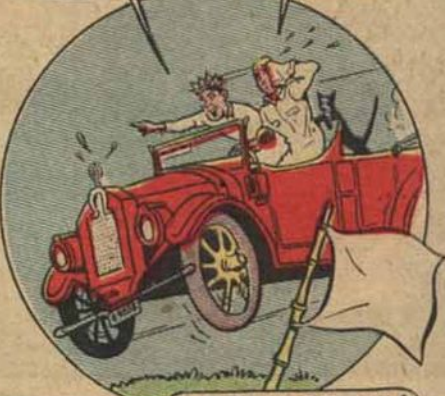


HOW'D
YOU EVER
DRIVE OUT
ON THIS?

NEVER
MIND!
GET ME
UP AND
DON'T
BREATHE
TOO HEAVY!

WHEW!!
WAS THAT
CLOSE! ARCHIE,
THERE'S THE
FINISH LINE!

(GASP) FOR A
MOMENT I THOUGHT
THAT WAS OUR
FINISH LINE OVER
THAT CANYON!



WHAAHOOOO!

COME ON,
ARCHIE!

COME ON,
ARCHIE!



WE'RE IN, ARCHIE!
WE WI...UNNK!

OOOF!

THUD!



WE'RE JAMMED TIGHT AGAINST THAT ROCK...UFF... PULL, JUGHEAD, PULL! ONLY, OOF, A FEW FEET TO ... GO!

SHUT UP! UGH! I... I'M ... PULLING OOF!



OWOOO!... HERE COME THE OTHERS! DO SOMETHING!

YOU'RE THE SMART GUY? YOU DO SOMETHING, EINSTEIN!

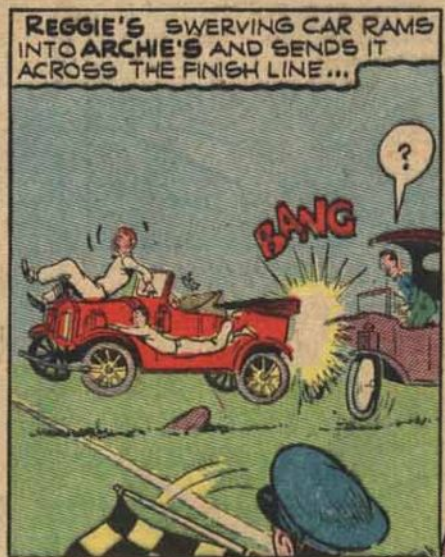
HONK HONK



JUGHEAD'S CAT, SCARED BY THE BLARING HORNS OF THE ONCOMING CARS, LEAPS OUT AND...



YI! THAT FOOL CAT JUMPED RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME!



REGGIE'S SWERVING CAR RAMS INTO ARCHIE'S AND SENDS IT ACROSS THE FINISH LINE...



THE WINNAH! ARCHIE ANDREWS!



NEXT DAY... YOUR CAR CERTAINLY RIDES SWELL, ARCHIE! BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERENT ALLOWED TO DRIVE IT ANY MORE?

OH, I FIXED THAT, HEH HEH, YOU KNOW ME, VERONICA!



HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT GUY, ARCHIE? HE WINS A SWELL NEW ROADSTER AND BY MORNING HE HAS THE LIGHTS, WHEELS AND HORN OFF AND THE BRAKES OUT!



YOU'D THINK I HAD ENOUGH TROUBLES TO LAST ME A LIFE-TIME. BUT I NEVER HAVE A MOMENT'S PEACE. NOW IT'S PEP COMICS I'VE GOTTA LIVE THRU WITH WOMEN COMPLICATING MY LIFE. HOW'S ABOUT GETTING YOUR COPY NOW AND HELPING ME OUT OF A JAM, HUH? THANKS, PALS!

WHITE CANNIBAL



IN ELABORATE MEDIEVAL COSTUME MONSIEUR MANGIN SOLD PENCILS ON STREETS OF PARIS WHILE HIS SERVANT PLAYED ORGAN MUSIC FROM HIS RICHLY DECORATED CARRIAGE... AT HIS ACCUMULATED A

DEATH HE HAD FORTUNE OF \$500,000⁰⁰

"CARABOO"

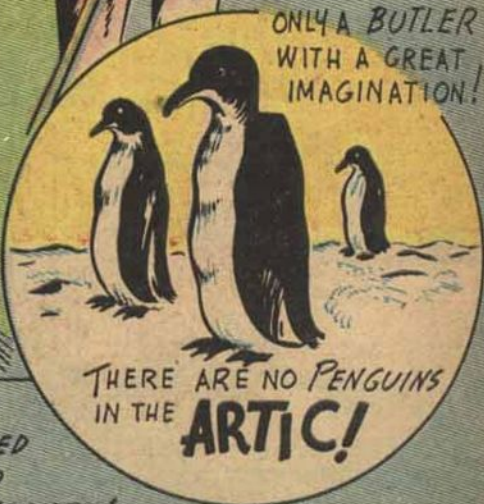


MARY BAKER, A SERVANT GIRL CONVINCED ALL ENGLAND THAT SHE WAS "CARABOO" AN EAST INDIAN PRINCESS KIDNAPPED BY PIRATES... SHE WAS EXPOSED BUT NOT UNTIL SHE HAD BEEN ROYALLY ENTERTAINED IN THE BEST ENGLISH SOCIETY!



LOUIS de ROUGEMONT

CLAIMED HE HAD BEEN A CANNIBAL CHIEFTAN FOR 30 YEARS. HIS WRITINGS AND LECTURE TOURS IN ENGLAND CONVINCED EVEN THE GREATEST SCIENTISTS... BUT ALAS! HE WAS ONLY A BUTLER WITH A GREAT IMAGINATION!



THERE ARE NO PENGUINS IN THE **ARTIC!**



AVIATION UTILITY



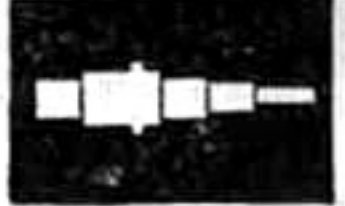
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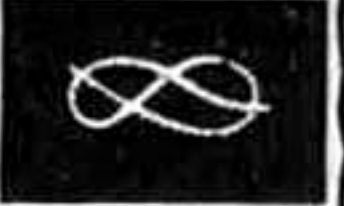
RIGID AIRSHIP SERVICE



GUN CAPTAIN



SUBMARINE SERVICE



ENSIGN



PRINTER



ELECTRICIAN'S MATE



PAINTER
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BATTENSMAN



COOK
BAKER



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PHOTOGRAPHER



B



NIGHTLIGHT



E



MECHANIST'S MATE
WATER TENDER
BOLSMAN



WRITER

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GEN. DOUGLAS MacARTHUR

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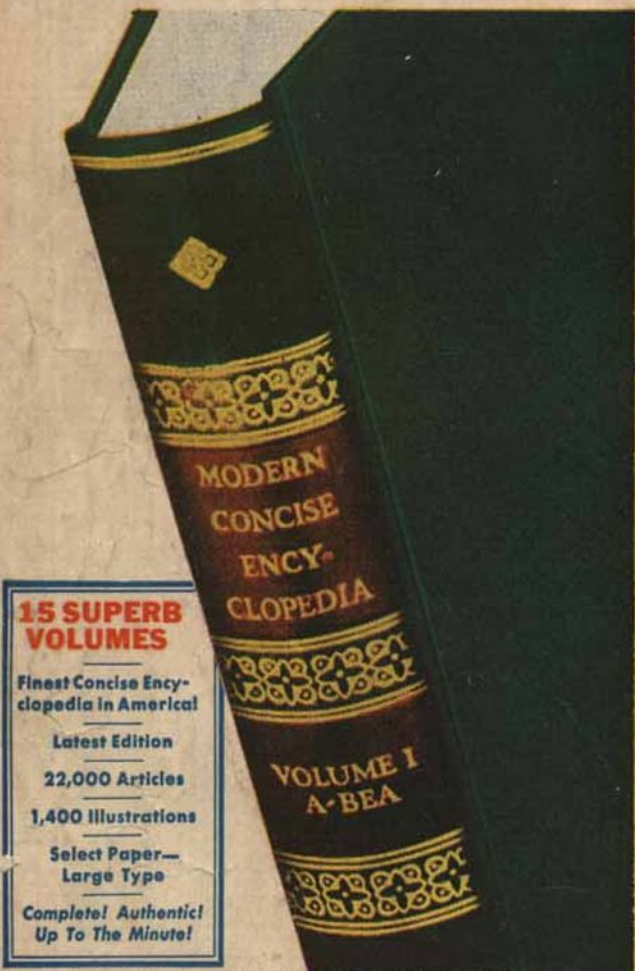
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